HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXII.—No. 1146.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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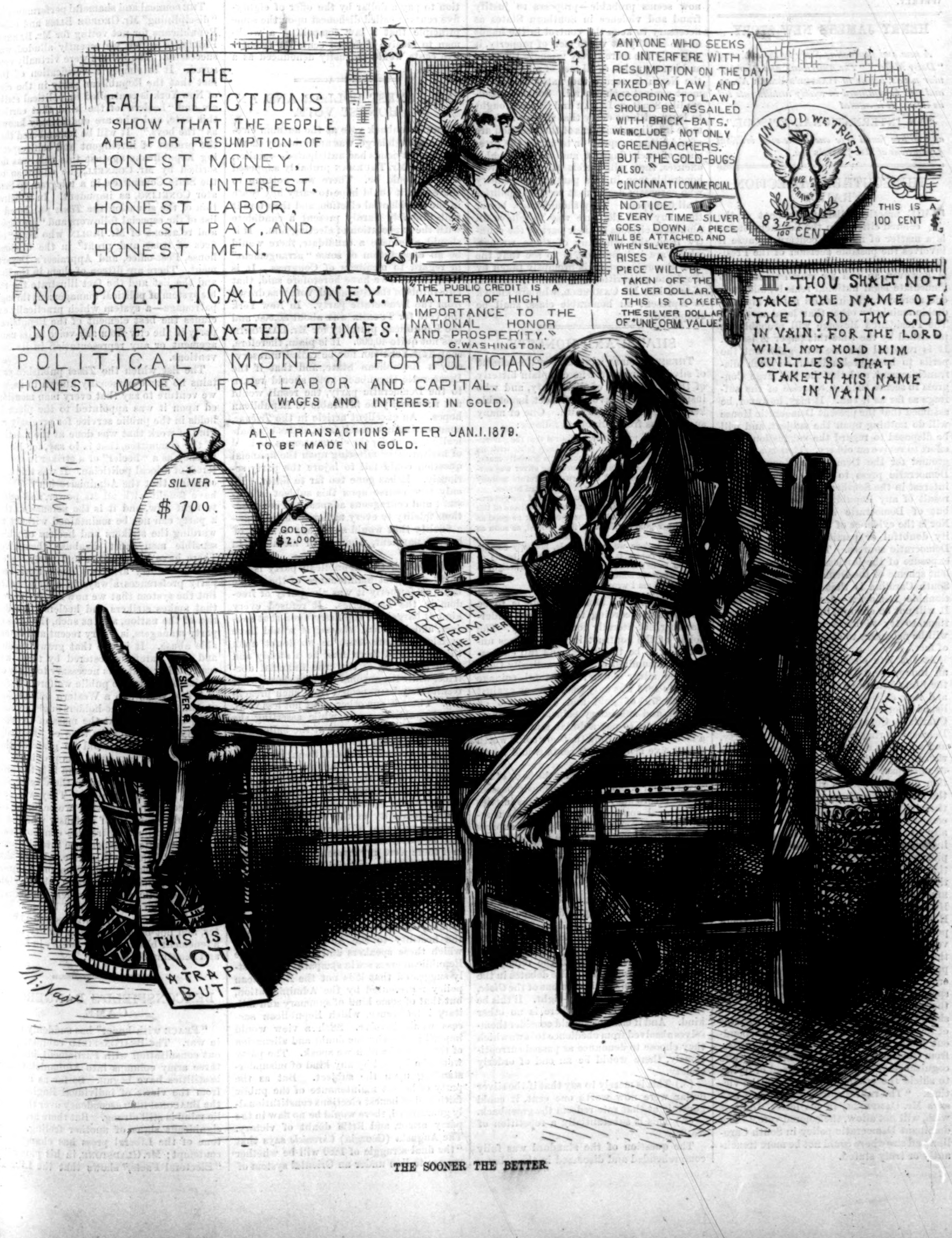

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine double-page engraving of the Fortress of Ali-Musjeed, Khyber Pass, lately captured by the British forces, and two pictures of Mount Olympus, Cyprus.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

HENRY JAMES'S NEW STORY.

A new and fascinating Story by the author of "Daisy Miller," "The American," and other popular novels, begins in HARPER'S BAZAR *No. 51, and will be continued in weekly installments till its close. It is entitled*

"AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE,"

and will be found to be one of the most brilliant productions of MR. JAMES'S *pen.*

THE SOUTHERN ELECTION FRAUDS.

THE practical disfranchisement of the colored citizens in the Southern States is a matter of national concern, because it involves the possible decision of the Presidential election by violence and fraud. It is, however, an evil for which there is no immediate legal national remedy, and it is one, moreover, which in its nature is remediable mainly by other than legal methods. The President's Message will probably be published by the time this paper is issued. It is reported that he will point out the perils to be apprehended from such disfranchisement, and that he will urge Congress to secure the free exercise of the suffrage as far as it can. It may, however, be assumed that the present Democratic House will do nothing upon the subject, and will be disposed to regard the suggestion as an effort to revive an old cry. That is a foolish ground for the Democratic House or the Democratic press to take. The renewed interest in the Southern question is not the result of any Republican "scalawaggery," but of Democratic stupidity and crime. Nor is the evidence of that folly and rascality doubtful or partisan. It comes from Democratic sources. The most conclusive exposure of the lawless spirit and fraudulent scheme of the Democratic managers in South Carolina is that of an old unquestionable Democrat—JAMES B. CAMPBELL. It will not be enough, in reply to his assertions, to try to blacken his character; it will be necessary to disprove his statements of fact.

At the late election Mr. CAMPBELL was an independent Democratic candidate for the State Senate in the Charleston district, and four days before the election he published a letter to the Democratic voters of Charleston County. He plainly exposes the Democratic ring which manages the party, and which he describes as a close corporation ruling with a political tyranny hitherto unsurpassed. He describes the legislation procured by this ring, which reduced the number of voting-places by one-third in the city and by two-thirds in the country, compelling poor laboring-men to go generally from five to fifteen miles, and in some instances even forty miles, to vote; and he plainly denounces the frank repudiation by this managing ring of good faith and justice toward the colored voters. Mr. CAMPBELL offered himself to the voters as a HAMPTON Democrat, holding that Governor HAMPTON had advocated a fair and frank policy of good faith and justice toward all voters. But the special correspondent of the *Herald*—a gentleman who has no Republican prejudices—says that when Governor HAMPTON came to Charleston to speak, he betrayed his friend and spoke for the managing ring against him, lest he should lose a chance of election as Senator of the United States. And the correspondent justly asks why the State authorities, from Governor HAMPTON down, do not take cognizance of these crimes, instead of trying to shield the criminals and punish the victims. "The ruling spirits who govern us," says Mr. CAMPBELL, in his letter, "do not wish, will not allow, the colored vote." The dominant Democratic policy in South Carolina and elsewhere could not be more trenchantly or truly stated.

This is the policy and these are the crimes which have re-opened a question that all patriotic and honorably conservative men believed to be in a fair way of settlement. But it is not, fortunately, a bloody-shirt reopening, and the position of Mr. CAMPBELL and the support he received from the colored voters are among the most cheering signs of the situation. It shows that the true course of patriotic citizens is not a wholesale vituperation of the South and of Southerners, but a clear recognition of the fact that there are Southern Democrats who are both patriotic and courageous, and who are to be sustained in their contest with the dominant ring. A party, however, will be judged by the character of its control. If the spirit of the Executive Committee which Mr. CAMPBELL describes dictates the course of the party in South Carolina, or in any other Southern State, the good sense and patriotism of the North in both parties will conclude and vote accordingly. And if the Democratic press in the Northern States—as now seems probable—proposes to justify fraud and violence in Southern States as necessary to keep the control in the hands of the intelligent white men of property, it will only the more surely promote the close and hearty union of all men of all parties at the North to secure the national government against such control. Southern leaders like Senators LAMAR and GORDON ought to learn without delay that if they and the more intelligent citizens of their section are afraid either to speak or to act in the presence of such flagrant and unquestionable offenses, they will forfeit all respect from honorable men in this part of the country who earnestly desire that sectional politics shall disappear. They should know better than any that the sure way to relieve all reputable citizens in their part of the country from the ignominy of these wrongs, which are indisputable, is to see that the most thorough action is promptly taken by the State authorities, and that the protest of men like Mr. CAMPBELL, who are known to represent an honorable class, shall be supported.

SILVER AND HONESTY.

THERE are many advocates of the scheme of silver redemption who complain bitterly of the imputation of dishonesty, and who insist that they favor the most honorable keeping of the public faith. One of many such writes from Illinois as follows:

"1st. I claim to be one who desires that the government of the United States shall keep faith with its creditors, and shall fulfill all contracts honestly made.

"2d. I believe the bill demonetizing silver was surreptitiously passed, and that law is therefore morally not binding upon the people of the United States.

"3d. I believe the original contracts of the government with the bondholders and other creditors of the government were to make the greenback as good as coin, either gold or silver as then coined, as soon as possible.

"4th. I believe we, as a people, honestly comply with those contracts when we pay those bonds or greenbacks in gold or silver of the standard weight as coined when the contracts were made.

"Wherein am I wrong?"

(1.) A contract honestly made is to be interpreted according to the moral understanding, not literally nor technically. The dollar of the contract in question was understood to be the honest and full equivalent of a hundred cents. Practically there was no silver dollar; the total coinage down to 1873 was only $8,045,838, as against $816,905,879 of gold and $144,141,885 of smaller and subsidiary coins. The honest contract was to pay a dollar, and there was a moral understanding that no "coin" worth eighty-five cents or five cents would be offered as a dollar.

(2.) The bill discontinuing the issue of the silver dollar was not surreptitiously passed, as the record shows. Surreptitious implies intentional concealment. The discontinuance of the issue was the subject of express and detailed consideration in official reports and in public speeches and debates, from April, 1870, until February, 1873, when the bill was signed. It was urged by the Secretary of the Treasury. It was considered at length by the Finance Committee of the Senate and the Coinage Committee of the House. It was often read in full in the House. It was printed in full with the amendments, by order of Congress, eleven times, and twice besides in the reports of the Deputy-Comptroller. The debates in the Senate occupy sixty-six columns of the *Globe*, those in the House, seventy-eight. If this be surreptitious legislation, there is no other kind. And if citizens should consider themselves absolved from obedience to laws which they choose to denounce as passed surreptitiously, there would be an end of orderly society.

(3.) This is merely to say that if the silver dollar were now worth one cent, it could honestly at that rate redeem the greenback.

(4.) This is substantially a repetition of No. 3.

The question of the standard was fully comprehended and discussed in the debates of 1853 when the weight of silver in the minor silver coins was diminished, and their legal-tender quality reduced to payments of five dollars at a time. The relative value of the gold and silver dollar was not determined by Congress at that time, because the latter was not an actual part of the currency, being exported for bullion as fast as coined, and because of the general disturbance of metal values by the California and Australian gold discoveries. The act of 1853 therefore placed us practically on a monometallic basis, and there we have remained. The impracticability of a bimetallic basis is generally acknowledged, and was emphatically shown by the action of the Conference at Paris. The bulkiness of silver and its vast fluctuations in value unfit it to be the standard of the world. There can not be two standards, and until it is shown how the relative value of gold and silver can be equalized—which has not yet been done—the one metal would certainly drive out the other as an unlimited tender. The proposition to pay a dollar by the offer of eighty-five cents is called dishonest upon the same principle that a law compelling a workman to receive eighteen cents for twenty-five cents would be justly denounced as a swindle.

AN HONEST DOLLAR AND AN HONEST VOTE.

THE Greenback vote at the autumn election, although large, was undoubtedly smaller than its friends had anticipated—smaller, also, than Mr. THURMAN probably supposed that it would be. There was nothing to show that it could hope to carry any State in the Presidential election, and therefore it will probably hardly present a candidate with the expectation of electing him. If it should nominate a candidate, there would be an expectation of some "arrangement" in regard to members of Congress. It is computed, as we have heretofore said, that two-thirds of the Greenback vote was drawn from the Democratic party. In New York the vote for TUCKER was about 80,000, and the Republican plurality for Mr. DANFORTH was not quite 40,000. It is plain, therefore, that New York can not be called unreservedly a Republican State, and that if the Democratic Greenback vote should return to the Democratic party, the result would not necessarily be favorable to Republican hopes. An excellent article in the *Tribune*, commenting upon such facts, states emphatically that, under the circumstances, no kind of hesitation or faltering upon the financial question could fail to injure the party seriously. It has gone too far to falter. Its only true course upon this subject is constant and courageous advocacy of conscientious fidelity to every national obligation—a fidelity that would spurn any evasion of honest payment, whether in metal or in paper.

Henceforth the Republican party is the party of honest maintenance of the public faith, as formerly it was the party of freedom in the Territories. It refused every kind of bargain or sophistry upon that subject, and if it had yielded it would have perished. There must be no doubt upon this point, and there must be a steady and plain preaching of the true financial doctrine, while the autumn election shows what results may be expected from such preaching. There is one other point not less vital. The Republican party, while asserting the equal right of every voter at the ballot-box, must with equal distinctness disclaim any but the ordinary constitutional remedies. The large number of independent voters who supported the Republican side this year will gladly sustain its sound financial views and its equally sound declaration of the inviolability of the suffrage, provided there be no doubt of its real position. But just as surely such voters would not sustain it if there were any expectation that it proposed to resort to martial law.

The Republican declaration upon this point has not been clear enough. Mr. BOUTWELL and Mr. BLAINE and Mr. CONKLING and various platforms and the press have spoken, but the experience of the past, and the hostility to the Administration with which these speakers and so much of the Republican press are in sympathy, have justly suggested that it is not the Republican policy represented by the Administration, but that of some kind of summary and military interference, which Republican success would involve. Such a view would imperil success by the doubt and alienation of the vote of which we speak. The party would be injured by any kind of misunderstanding upon the subject. But as the party of honest maintenance of the public faith and of honest elections constitutionally guaranteed, there would be no flaw in the party armor, and little doubt of victory. The Augusta (Georgia) *Chronicle* says that "the final struggle of 1880 will be whether we are to live under an Oriental system of despotism or under the Bill of Rights proclaimed by THOMAS JEFFERSON." Undoubtedly. It will decide whether the Oriental despotism which disfranchises an immense class of citizens in the Southern States shall control the Union. The Republicans could ask no better issue upon which to appeal to the country. It needs only to take care that the appeal be simple and unembarrassed. Let it offer the country an honest dollar and an honest vote, an honest respect for the faith of the government and an honest regard for the equal rights of the voter. It is true that the protection of the ballot is a local matter, and ought not to be a national question. But it is no less true that a false and fraudulent local vote, determining a national election, may produce civil war. True national conservatism requires, therefore, the education of a sentiment which will prevent such a vote.

GOVERNMENT BY "HEELING."

THE comical and shameful performance of "disciplining" Mr. GEORGE BLISS and other Republicans for not voting for Mr. BARNEY BIGLIN, to which we recently alluded, was successful. The bolters were virtually censured. It is simply a verification of the fact that the Republican party in the city of New York is controlled by political strikers and "heelers" of the kind that carried this vote, and who are endearingly known as "the boys." It will be remembered that the protest of intelligent and self-respecting Republicans against this rule was described by Mr. CORNELL, the chairman of the State Committee, in a telegram to Senator CONKLING, as impudent. In illustration of the situation the *Times* published a list of the especial followers and "protégés" and relations of Mr. BIGLIN who hold "offices of trust and profit" in the Custom-house, Post-office, and Appraiser's Department. There are fifteen of them in the list, and the list and the fact illustrate the noble system of political management through patronage—a system which practically excludes the best element of the Republican party in the city from any voice in its management or any representation in its conventions.

The list which the *Times* publishes contains no name personally known to us, but we venture to say that every man mentioned upon it was appointed to the place he holds in the public service for precisely the kind of work that was done at the meeting of the committee, that is to say, for his efficiency as a "heeler" or a striker in the interest of a local politician. It was this kind of thing that the Administration ought to have fought with all its power, and ought to fight now, and it is the persuasion that a party can not be maintained without rewarding the strikers and heelers of which sensible men must disabuse themselves. There have been parties and party leaders in this country always. There have been party preferences always in appointments. But the system that we now see, the system that makes strikers and heelers stipendiaries of the nation, and, as such, the tools of party managers, is a very recent and detestable abuse. It is one that grows rapidly, and it is carefully fostered by those who really think that it is necessary to party organization or to the public welfare.

A few years ago a Western office-holder announced that office-holders ought to manage politics, and that the mass of the community, not having the time or knowledge for that business, should be grateful that such a class of managers was provided. It was amusing, but logical, and it is the principle practically applied in the city of New York. Its results we see. They will continue, constantly growing worse, until the community asks itself seriously whether it is worth while to introduce common-sense and the results of experience into the management of the civil service. When that question is asked, as other important questions in our history have been asked, weighers and examiners and samplers and officers and agents of all kinds will be appointed because of their proved fitness and character, and not because of their ability to run a tenement block, or their fidelity in heeling and shouting for a leader.

BEACONSFIELD'S DANGEROUS GAME.

"PEACE with honor" has suddenly ended in war. The BEACONSFIELD cabinet, without consultation with Parliament, has sent three army columns into Afghanistan, and hostilities have begun. So far as appears from the views of individual Englishmen, the BEACONSFIELD ascendency over the public mind is still strong. But there are three significant signs of another feeling. The tone of the Liberal press has changed to contempt; Mr. GLADSTONE, in his paper on "Electoral Facts," shows that the Liberal

feeling, as shown in the elections, is increasing; and Parliament has been summoned. There is no reason to doubt that the large Tory majority, finding the country actually at war under the Tory Administration, will approve and appropriate whatever may be asked. But the fact of calling Parliament after a credible rumor of difference in the cabinet shows that there is still some desire in that body that at least the forms of the British Constitution should be observed.

Still more noticeable is the willingness of English writers to point out plainly the tendencies of the Beaconsfield *régime*. A striking article in the *Nineteenth Century* upon the "Progress of Personal Rule" shows in detail and with a sober emphasis the results in England of the ascendency of Baron Stockmar over Prince Albert, and of the ascendency of Prince Albert over the Queen. It has been long known that the influence of Lord Beaconsfield over the Queen is very great, and it is no secret that it has been largely acquired and maintained by gross flattery. His pandering to British "bumptiousness" and to "national pride," also, has had so great an effect that some intelligent and sagacious Englishmen feel that somehow he has done a great deal for the glory of England. Has he done so? Is England either more loved or feared in Germany, in Austria, in Italy? It is alleged that he has enhanced British prestige. But has he done so in this country? It may be said that we are a rival. Has he, then, enhanced it in Afghanistan? For it is upon such small, semi-civilized powers that this kind of "prestige" is supposed to take effect. As yet the Beaconsfield *régime* has not increased the prestige of England except among the native Jingoes.

How deeply the genuine heart and mind of England feels the peril of this tendency toward personal rule is shown by a phrase in a recent speech of Mr. Gladstone. It may seem inexplicable to the more ardent friends of Lord Beaconsfield, but in this country, at least, there is a very general feeling that an Englishman of Englishmen, like Gladstone, represents more truly the England of which we, as an English-speaking race inheriting the great English traditions are proud, than an essential alien like Disraeli. In his speech at Rhyl, Mr. Gladstone said, most guardedly yet most plainly, "The foe of liberty under our happy institutions is likewise the foe of loyalty." The words were received with enthusiasm. Why? Because of their plainness under their studiedly careful form. They say distinctively, "If the Queen favors this personal rule, she weakens the supports of her throne." Lord Beaconsfield may lay on the fatal last feather. He may take the one slight step between popular adulation and popular reaction. Let the British instinct which takes the side of the people in Parliament against regal privilege be once aroused, and he may be taught why James Stuart lost the crown.

ONE DUTY OF CONGRESS.

As the session of Congress opens, it is to be hoped that the press will urge upon the members the necessity of prompt and effective action upon the method of electing the President. The defects and dangers of the existing system have been constantly and plainly shown. Indeed, the experience of 1876 should have secured already some conclusive action; and vitally important as the financial question is, a provision for settling a disputed Presidential election is not less so. It is conceded that the vote in 1880 will be close, and that the result may depend upon one or two States, and there was a very manifest disposition in some quarters at the last election to drag the decision into the House upon a flagrant misinterpretation of the Constitution. These are signs of a tendency which should be arrested at once, and the remedy needed is nothing more than a simple and clear definition of the method of legislative procedure under the general constitutional provision.

There are certain obvious points which are not now settled, and which imperatively require settlement. Among them is the question whether Congress shall "go behind" the certified returns, the question how objections to a vote in convention shall be determined, and the question how a conflict of State jurisdiction shall be decided. This is the time to provide for such difficulties—difficulties which have often arisen and which every intelligent man sees may readily arise again. The principles involved in any legislative settlement of these points have been frequently discussed. We venture to think that no new views will be offered, and if there be a resolute opinion in Congress in favor of action, something may easily be accomplished at this session.

The matter is the more urgent because the next will be the President-making session, and every measure will be contemplated in the light of its probable effect upon the election. The action that we urge is really, however, non-partisan legislation. It involves no more aid to one party than to another. Probabilities, indeed, may be forecast. It is, for instance, probable that by methods of a familiar kind the colored vote in the Southern States will be coerced, not individually, as votes are coerced in all States, but collectively and effectually, so as to determine the result. This, of course, would be a Democratic advantage, and the Democratic members of Congress might be presumed, therefore, favorable to the finality of the State return. But that is likewise the Republican ground. It is undoubtedly also the intention, as it is according to the spirit, of the Constitution. The whole question is one of constitutional principle, upon which conviction and circumstance and precedent would combine to unite party action, and it is very much more important that a cardinal question of this kind should be settled in the spirit of the Constitution and of our political system than with sole reference to an uncertain and incalculable temporary advantage. If Congress is unable to treat it in that manner, it is incompetent to deal with the situation. But that is a conclusion which every good citizen will reject until forced to adopt it. Mr. Edmunds's bill is simple and satisfactory, and ought to be passed without serious delay.

THE INSANE POOR.

The late disclosure of the cruel treatment of the insane patients in the Onondaga poor-house in New York and in the asylum at St. Paul reveals no exceptional situation. The barbarism of management in many of the local penal and sanitary institutions is not less than the corruption. In an article in the December number of *Harper's Monthly*, ex-Governor Seymour says plainly that the county jails are largely schools of crime, and the Governor's assertion is startlingly illustrated in the little story, *Mag*, in the "Library of American Fiction," by the vivid picture of a county jail with all its horrors. The maltreatment of the insane under town or county care is too familiar a tale. Within a few months several appalling statements have been published, and Mrs. Lowell, of the State Board of Charities in New York, remarked to a reporter of the *Herald* that she was not in the least surprised by the repulsive story from the Onondaga poor-house, and that, unhappily, such outrages were comparatively frequent. Mrs. Lowell referred to an official report by Commissioner Foster, of the Fourth Judicial District, upon the Clinton County poor-house, in which the condition of the insane was found to be "most deplorable." The Commissioner justly described such management, which wanted every requisite for the proper care of the insane, as licensed barbarism.

The real cause of this evil, the gross abuse of every kind which prevails in so many local institutions in the country, is the want of all interest in them and knowledge of them in the community. In every county of the State, for instance, there is a certain sum, often a large sum, raised by taxation, and annually spent for the relief of the poor. The disbursement is made by elective poor officers. But how many of the comfortable and intelligent population of the county know or care any thing about it? How many of them know whether the money really helps the deserving poor or merely goes into the pockets of the officers and their favorites. In many counties the poor money is practically a political fund for the benefit of a ring, and the poor-house a nest of petty corruption. The poor officers, whose task, even if honestly performed, is thankless and disagreeable, are nominated at the County Convention by such influences as may happen to prevail there, and the voter at the polls has generally the usual choice between candidates of whom he knows nothing, or, if he knows, whom he thinks to be equally unworthy. After the election the actual management of the institution is hidden from the public eye, and the abuses continue and increase until some chance reveals one of them, and the community says, "Horrible!" and thinks of it no more.

The obvious remedy for the local and virtually irresponsible treatment of the insane poor is the transfer of the care of them to State institutions. The gain is that these are under an immediate and responsible supervision, and their management and condition are of necessity more open to public observation and knowledge. The subject is well worthy the most careful attention of the people and of the Legislature. The information is accessible, but practically unknown. It is in reports that are unread, but which are the result of the most faithful observation and study and sympathy. It is singular that in so great a State as New York no man appears in the Legislature portraying this public shame with ample knowledge, and demanding a remedy with appeals to which the humanity of the State would certainly respond.

PERSONAL.

It is understood that Colonel John Hay and Mr. John J. Nicolay, who were the faithful and able secretaries of Abraham Lincoln, are preparing a life of that remarkable man.—Charles Godfrey Leland ("Hans Breitmann"), of Philadelphia, now a resident of London, is engaged on a popular life of Lincoln for English circulation, and may be found daily at this labor of love in the British Museum.

—Mr. James Gordon Bennett is now at Melton-Mowbray, England, with his twenty fine horses, for a winter's hunting. It is quaintly said of Melton-Mowbray, in a geographical work of repute, that it has a Gothic church and stabling for eight hundred horses.

—King Alfonso of Spain is reported to have said to General Grant: "General and savior of your country, Spain is proud to greet you on her soil, for Spain is the country of warriors, and you are the greatest of the age!"

—Alluding to M. Gambetta, a correspondent of the London *Pall Mall Gazette* makes these significant statements: "It is, in fact, M. Gambetta who governs the country through the agency of the four ministers who are avowedly his devoted friends, namely, Bardoux, De Freycinet, De Marcère, and Waddington. It is growing more probable that Gambetta will enter the cabinet as Home Minister. It is well understood that he is 'nursing himself' for the Presidential election of 1880."

—Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, has presented to the State of Louisiana a painting of the battle of New Orleans, by the celebrated French artist Samé. The work, which cost $20,000, is designed to ornament the State Capitol.

—In a brilliant paper on Oxford in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*, Moncure D. Conway alludes to the proposed addition of a woman's college to the university. Since his paper was written this movement has been further matured. The conditional offer of £1000 by "a lady" has been met and secured with guarantees by ladies and gentlemen at Oxford, and a scheme for "lectures for women, to be conducted with general reference to the Oxford examination for women over eighteen years of age," has been issued. The Provisional Committee consists of Mrs. H. W. Acland; Miss Benson; Mrs. Butcher; Mrs. T. H. Green; the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt; Rev. H. S. Holland; Mrs. Arthur Johnson; Principal of Jesus; Warden of Keble; Canon King; Rev. G. W. Kitchin; Rector of Lincoln; Professor Nettleship; Mrs. Nutt; Mrs. Pickard; Professor Bonamy Price; Mrs. Bartholomew Price; Mr. Alfred Robinson; Professor Thorold Rogers; Mrs. Rolleston; Miss Smith; Mrs. T. H. Ward; Rev. H. G. Woods. Professor Green is the secretary. The "religious difficulty" has been got over by a resolution that no religious lectures shall be provided by the committee, but that at times when not used for other study the rooms may be made available for such lectures, these to be delivered by persons the committee may deem competent, without respect to their denomination. In this particular, womankind may almost be said to have fulfilled the part of the child in prophecy—leading the lions and lambs of theology in harmony. An association has been formed, and every annual subscriber of £1 is a member of it. We are assured that the committee is now engaged in making the best arrangements they can for the entertainment of such ladies as may wish to repair to Oxford. For a time such will have to do as the pilgrim students did in ancient time—lodge wherever they can; but their "hall" will bud and their "college" blossom in due season.

—Professor Ives, head of the Art Department of Washington University, St. Louis, has just been presented with $50,000 for the purpose of erecting a gallery and museum of fine arts. All branches of fine art will be represented. The building is to contain studios for advanced students, and also studios for rent. An additional sum of $50,000, from the same source, will be donated for the purpose of establishing a fund to purchase pictures and works of art and to sustain the gallery and museum. The name of the donor is for the present withheld.

—Charles Dickens's home and effects at Gadshill have been sold at auction. The miniature Swiss chalet—a gift from Fechter—in which Dickens wrote nearly all his later works, has been removed to the grounds of the Crystal Palace Company at Sydenham. Bleak House, at Broadstairs, well known to readers of Dickens, has recently passed into the hands of the Guardians of the Poor, to be used as a Convalescent Home.

—Many interesting personal reminiscences were mentioned at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the organization of the Dutch Reformed Church in this city, held on the 21st November. Clergymen of various denominations were present, conspicuous among whom was Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, who "spoke with pride of the Dutch Reformed and Trinity churches, the oldest corporations in the city. Domine Salines and another Dutch clergyman officiated at the installation of Dr. Dix's predecessor, Rector Vesey, in the old Garden Street Church. He admired the steady-going folk who are the descendants of the Dutch settlers. Their religion is sober and conservative, with nothing sensational about it. That was one reason why he especially liked the Dutch Reformed Church." The great corporation whose anniversary was celebrated owes its wealth to a pasture lot. One of the congregation, John Harpending, bequeathed, for the benefit of the minister's cow, the land that is now bounded by Fulton, William, and Ann streets.

—Thomas H. Powers, of Philadelphia, who died on the 20th of November, was remarkable in other ways than as the maker of a fortune estimated at $10,000,000. He was a business man of the old school, giving ten hours a day to his manufacturing and other interests, and in forty years is said never to have taken a holiday solely for pleasure. He was a very religious man, and gave largely to public and religious objects. He was one of the leading men in and founders of the Reformed Episcopal Church. It was his liberal contribution that enabled the new organization to compile and publish its prayer-book. He gave $50,000 toward the new and splendid edifice at the corner of Twenty-first and Chestnut streets (Rev. Dr. Nicholson's), and built at his own expense Grace Church at the Falls of the Schuylkill. He also gave recently $25,000 to the Young Men's Christian Association. An idea of the prosperity and magnitude of his business may be inferred from the fact that he and his partner Mr. Wightman drew monthly from the profits of the chemical works $25,000. His total income was about $750,000 per annum. He was always annoyed when he discovered that the firm's bank balance was less than $100,000, it being a principle of his never to have less than that sum available at any moment. On one occasion, discovering that the balance was only $99,750, he became excited, and said "the thing must never occur again." He was almost the sole owner of the *Episcopal Recorder*, provided for the payment of all the bills, always visited the office the day before publication to read all the proofs, never allowing the paper to go to press until he had approved the contents. He also had a quiet way of surprising new Reformed Episcopal congregations by quietly shipping to them boxes of prayer and hymn books, tracts, etc., carefully concealing the source from which they came.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Governor George S. Houston was elected United States Senator from Alabama, by the Legislature, on the 27th ult. The vote in the Senate was unanimous, and in the House 91 out of 93 ballots were in his favor.

The canvass of the votes cast at the late election for Judge of the Court of Appeals in this State shows the following results: Danforth (Republican), 391,112; Bradley (Democrat), 356,451; Tucker (Greenback), 75,133; Van Cott (Prohibition), 4294; scattering, 1455.

Robert Heller, the magician, died in Philadelphia on the 28th ult. He was born in England, and was forty-eight years of age.

In his annual report Secretary Thompson claims a great improvement in the navy during the past year. There are thirty-three vessels not needing repairs now in commission, and in case of need these could be increased to sixty-eight or more.

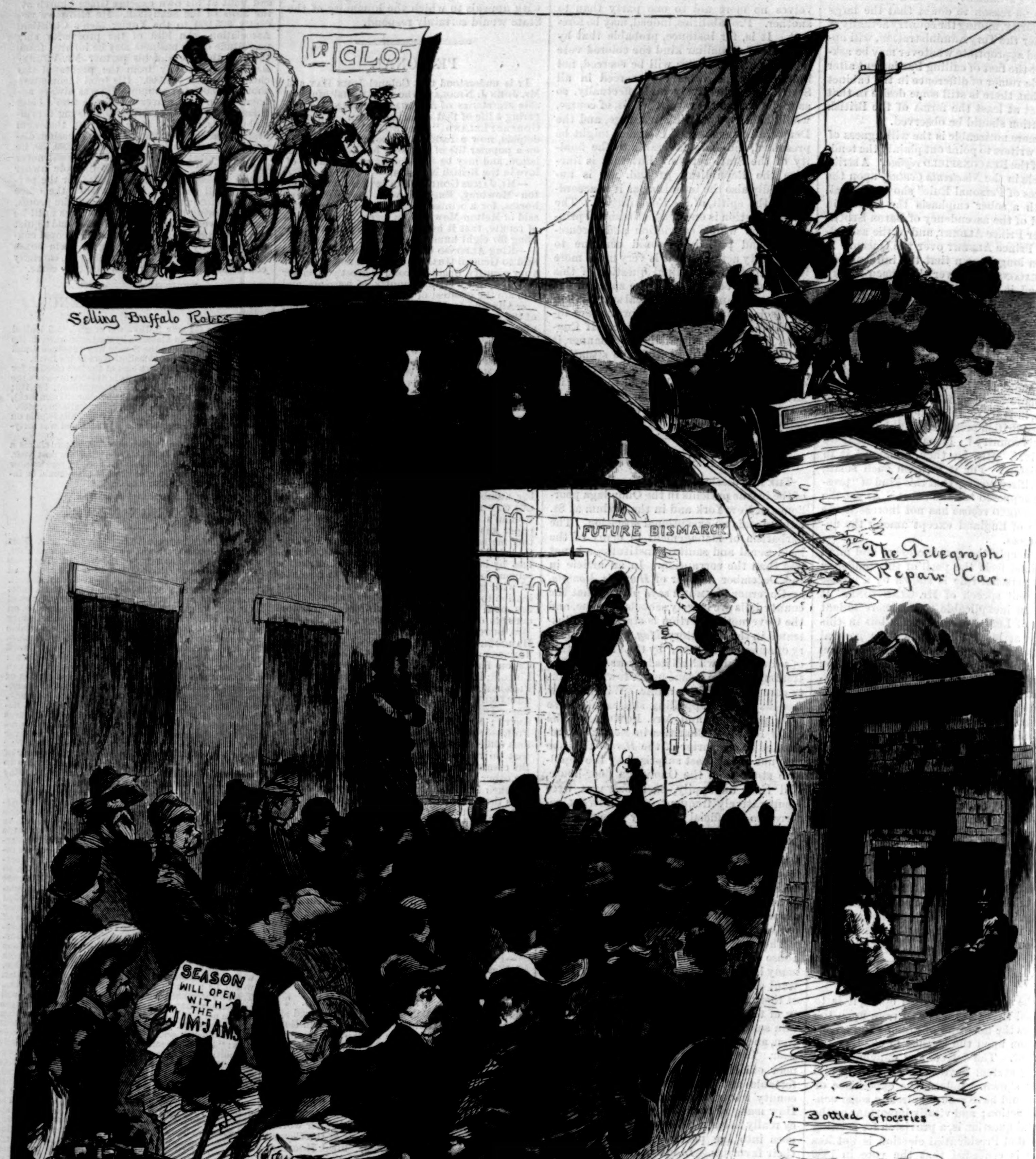
FOREIGN NEWS.

The British advance in Afghanistan continues. Fort Mohammed-Azim, otherwise called the Koorum Fort, was taken on the morning of the 27th ult. The news is confirmed that Jelalabad has been evacuated, and that the garrison is in headlong flight toward Cabool. The Ameer's authority has been destroyed in the independent territory, thirty miles in width, from Jamrood to Dakka. The flight of the Ali-Musjeed garrison, on the 22d ult., was made with great haste, and fifty wounded and twenty-one cannon, with considerable arms and food, fell into the hands of the British.—The Russian General Kaufmann has sent a costly sword to the Ameer of Cabool with the following address: "My illustrious sovereign, on whose empire the sun never sets, and whose raised finger causes millions of soldiers to take up arms, sends this pledge of friendship and unchanging affection to his friend and ally, the noble and chivalrous ruler of the Afghan and Beloochees. History teaches that Russia ever espouses a just cause; that she has always known how to protect her allies from the attacks of any enemy however powerful. Whoever sides with Russia need not fear that a hair of his head will be injured. The power of the Russian sword is great. This is a fact known to the enemies of Russia as well as to her allies. May God protect and preserve the two powerful sovereigns, the Czar and the Ameer! May God promote the wel fare of the two allied countries to the benefit of Afghans, Russians, and humanity at large! May the echo of these words awaken consolation and hope where oppression and tyranny are paramount!" The blade of the sword has the following inscription in the Persian tongue: "May God give thee victory over the infidels!" The speech has become the subject of a communication from England to Russia.—A dispatch to the *Pesther Lloyds* from Berlin says: "Russia is about to begin a diplomatic campaign with England in relation to Afghanistan. General Kaufmann has handed to his government a memorandum, pointing out how dangerous to the security of the southern frontiers of Turkestan it would be if the Khyber passes were permanently occupied by British troops. General Kaufmann regards as groundless the British apprehensions of Russia threatening the northern frontier of India from Central Asia. This frontier is quite impregnable, while the British occupation of Southern Afghanistan would be a standing menace to Russian Turkestan. The St. Petersburg cabinet, relying on this report, will ask serious guarantees from England that no changes will be made in the territory or independent condition of Afghanistan."—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Vienna semi-official *Political Correspondence* says: "Russia has announced her intention of actively supporting the Ameer in the event of England occupying any points in Afghanistan from which Russian dominion in Asia might be effectually threatened. This announcement is based upon the assertion that England has violated the alleged Afghan agreement of Lord Clarendon by the occupation of Quetta. The intention of Russia to interfere in Afghanistan is apparently confirmed by the Moscow *Gazette* declaring intervention indispensable, now that the occupation of Quetta has been succeeded by expeditions in the direction of Candahar and Herat."—The proclamation of the Viceroy of India recounts the history of the relations between India and Afghanistan during the last ten years. It says: "In return for the kindness of our actions and intentions, as witnessed by the Ameer's reception at Umballa, by the material aid afforded to him from time to time, and by the free commerce with India accorded to the Afghans, we gained only ill-will and discourtesy. The Ameer openly and assiduously attempted by words and deeds to stir up religious hatred, and bring about a war upon the British empire in India; and although he had repelled all efforts for amicable intercourse by the Indian government, he formally received a Russian embassy; and finally, while the Russian mission was still at Cabool, he forcibly repulsed the English envoy, whose coming had been duly notified to him, and met our attempts to promote friendly relations with open indignity and defiance. The Ameer, mistaking for weakness the long forbearance of the British government, thus deliberately incurred its just resentment. With the sirdars and people of Afghanistan the Indian government has no quarrel, as they have given no offense. The independence of Afghanistan will be respected, but the government of India can not tolerate that any other power should interfere in the internal affairs of Afghanistan." The proclamation concludes as follows: "Upon the Ameer Shere Ali rests the responsibility of having exchanged the friendship for the hostility of the Empress of India."

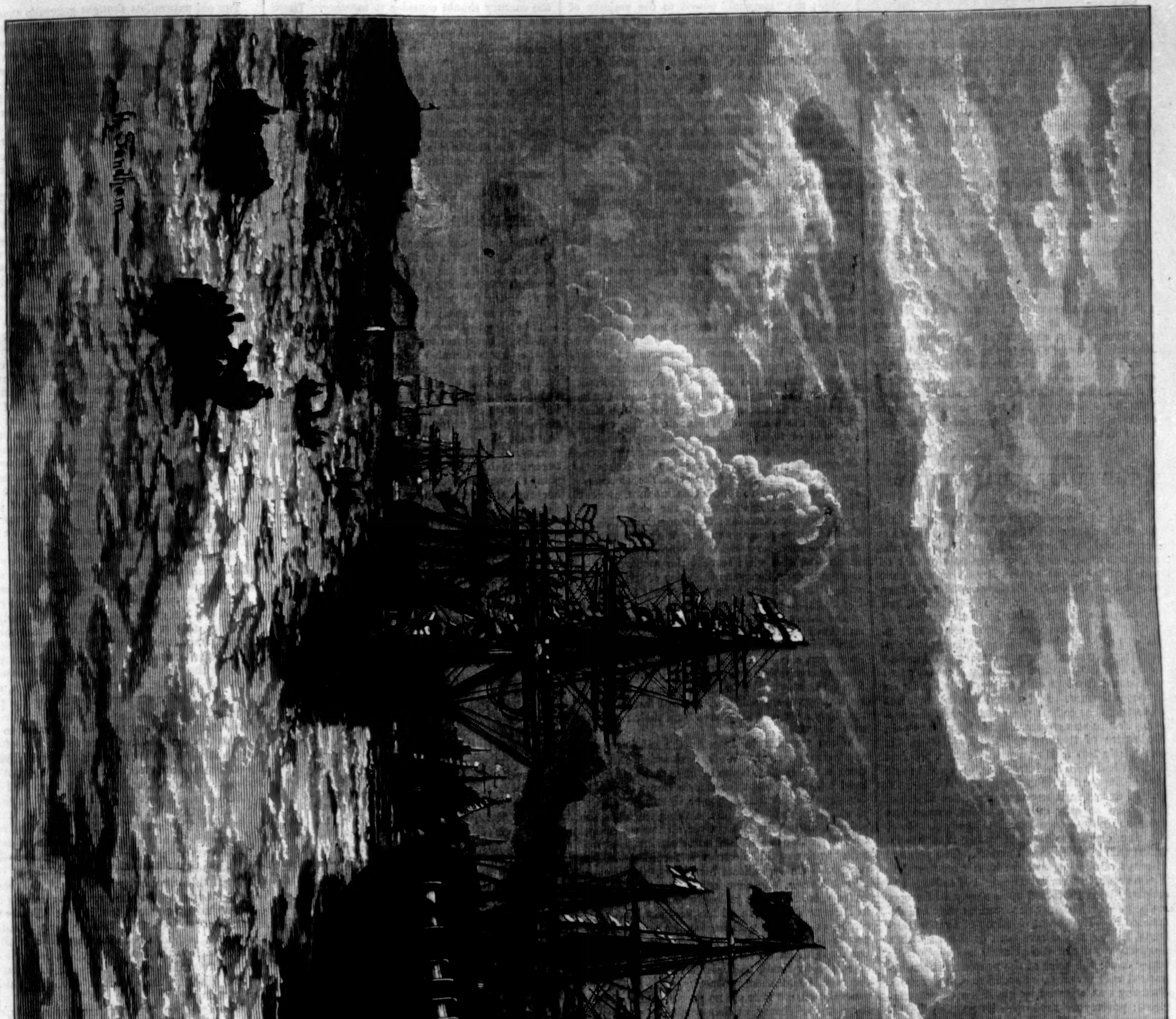
On the evening of the 26th ult., while M. Tisza, the Hungarian Prime Minister, was entertaining Count Andrassy and a number of members of the Delegations in Pesth, a bomb charged with dynamite exploded in the alley between the Fortress Theatre and the minister's palace. The windows of the palace were shattered, but nobody was hurt. Great excitement followed.

The steam-ship *Pommerania*, of the Hamburg-American Line, was run into by the bark *Moel Eilian* in the English Channel, during a fog, on the night of the 25th ult. The steamer sank in twenty minutes, and fifty-five of the passengers and crew are supposed to have been lost. The steamer *Glengarry* rescued 172 persons, and landed them at Dover.

In China there is a serious revolt of 50,000 troops in the province of Kwang-si, and fears of its extension are entertained in consequence of the poor pay and rations the army receives.



SCENES IN BISMARCK, DAKOTA.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 990.]



THE NEW RÉGIME IN CANADA—THE LANDING AT HALIFAX—THE "SARMATIAN" PASSING THROUGH THE FLEET TO HER MOORINGS.—From a Sketch by H. Sandham.—[See Page 990.]

SCENES IN BISMARCK.

On page 988 will be found a series of sketches in and about the town of Bismarck, Dakota. Our artist writes as follows regarding the scene in the opera-house: "The night I attended, a gentleman who was posted gave me the names and histories of many of the audience. A couple of men came in who seemed to be bosom-friends. One was small and light, the other a tall, burly fellow. The little man is under sentence of hanging, the other was the sheriff. Near by, on the other side, sat "Chang," a noted desperado, who has killed several men about here when he had nothing else to do. As the acting is not remarkably interesting, the audience furnish a part of their own amusement. One of the small lads of the town is pasting a notice of next week's opening of the regular season on the proprietor's back. When performers are scarce, the leading lawyer of the town performs on the trapeze. It is due to his influence that the condemned man has the liberty of the place."

The telegraph repair car is a novelty, but of great practical service. It runs with a side or back wind, and is sometimes almost lifted from the track bodily, and makes tremendous time. Recently they made the trip to Fargo—200 miles—in fifteen hours. The Black Hills freight train consists of eight or ten wagons coupled together, and oxen all hitched together. The little groggery with the pelican over it is a characteristic feature of Bismarck. Indians selling robes is a frequent scene on the street here.

THE SUFFRAGE—INTIMIDATION.

Recently the chief nations of civilization have held their elections. The voice of the people has been heard in Europe and America. It is the most remarkable trait of modern polities that all the civilized world except Russia should have adopted an institution that springs directly from the republics of antiquity. Yet how recent, how unlooked-for, is the change! In the opening of the century Austria was a pure despotism, Prussia still ruled by the traditions of its great Frederick; every small German state was oppressed by its miniature tyrant. In Italy Napoleon had proclaimed freedom only to place his family on its petty thrones. In England the suffrage was so restricted as to be a plain mockery of the people. France was governed by its bayonets, Spain the centre of tyranny and the Inquisition. It was nearly two thousand years since a political election had been held at Rome, or since in any part of Europe the right of suffrage had been exercised except in a few civic republics that had long been so only in name. The change has come suddenly—since 1848. Already the Goth, the Hun, claim the right of voting that was familiar only to the Roman republic. The political disputes of the Forum have been transferred to Vienna and New York. The right of suffrage has suddenly been conferred upon nearly all Europe. Its people have plainly deserved, as they had demanded it. The recent elections of France, Germany, Italy, Austria, have been conducted with a propriety worthy of their classic models in their better days; the voice of the people has been expressed with firmness, independence, moderation. Germany was agitated by questions of great interest; poverty weighed upon its people; the ultramontanes and Socialists united to embarrass the moderates; the recent attempts at assassination had awakened all the malignant and severe; yet, except at one or two polling-places where riots broke out and were suppressed, the Germans of Berlin, Cologne, or Würtemberg showed no trace of the fierce excitement that has sometimes led them to violence or disorder. In 1848–49 all Germany was covered with outbreaks, revolution, the flight of kings, the excesses of the people, because the popular voice had been silenced by force, and no Congress or Parliament opened its doors for the discussion and decision of the wants of the nation; Berlin flamed with patriotic risings; Vienna drove out its Kaiser. In 1878 the elections of Berlin have passed off without disorder; the universal suffrage of Germany has brought into power a majority patriotic and moderate, the friends of peace. The Goth, the German, discuss at their Reichstag the political questions of the Roman Forum; Liberals, Socialists, ultramontanes, are divided in allegiance between the tribune and the dictator—their famous minister assumes at times the attitude of both.

France has passed onward through still more memorable changes to universal suffrage; the descendants of the Gauls of Cæsar have adopted and enlarged the Roman practice; the ballot and manhood suffrage govern France. It is possible that in the later period of the Roman rule some elections were held at Arles, Lyons, Nîmes, that the civic officials may have been selected by the popular choice. But the idea of free government was lost to Rome when it extended its empire over Provence and pressed on to the Grampian Hills. The Parisians learned from Julian only lessons of absolutism. Under the Frankish dynasties the people were almost unheard of. The growth of a *tiers état*, of provincial assemblies, was of little weight; they were swept away in the rise of an absolute rule. Under Louis XIV. France taught Europe a lesson of despotism that was eagerly learned by all its lesser sovereigns. Charles and James of England would gladly have ruled without a Parliament, an election. But France at last began a steady progress toward republicanism. Napoleons or Bourbons, the papal and the regal power, failed to check it; the principle of general elections, the ballot, the polling-box, almost the actual system of the Campus Martius, have been adopted from Marseilles to the coast of Brittany; the Gaul is set free by Roman thought. The recent elections in France show that its people have learned to vote with dignity and moderation. The priests, Bourbons, Napoleonists, have failed to produce riot or disorder; the "marshal" bowed to the majesty of the people. In all the populous cities and the most secluded hamlets of France the dropping of the light ballots went on in peace, the arm of the ruling faction in the state was palsied, and no man dared to taint by terror the validity of the election, or if he did so, the election was at once annulled. Riot, terrorism, intimidation, even the influence of the priest, the threats of a prefect, were held sufficient to render it invalid. The French demanded an election free, unbiassed, the pure expression of the popular will, and they attained it. "Tell your fellow-countrymen how calm is this people of Paris," said M. Gambetta, recently, to a deputation of working-men from Aveyron. "The state contents itself," he urged, "with assuring the rights of all."

In Austria, Italy, so recently endowed with the suffrage, the same jealous care is shown of the purity of elections, the same moderation on the part of government and people. Intimidation, terror, violence, are almost unheard of. No savage bands dare to arrest the silent fall of the ballot in Florence, in Vienna; no cruel league inflicts wounds and outrages in the shadow of the night. Yet the most bitter enmity prevails among the Italian and Austrian politicians and parties, between the clericals of Rome who still sigh for the conquest of the new capital, who stimulate civil war, and their rulers, or the Magyar and the house of Hapsburg. The violent passions of these Southern races only slumber, are not dead; the ballot and free suffrage seem to give them a safety-valve; the governments succeed in guarding the purity of the elections. It is unnecessary to follow this modern, ancient institution to England, where the suffrage has been liberally extended; to Denmark and Scandinavia, where progress rules. We may notice it only to observe how well it accomplishes its aims in Europe, with what respect the monarch of a thousand years listens to the voice of the people, with what good sense the people treat the decaying traditions of the past. Is it not strange that in the midst of the nineteenth century Europe and America should revive the wisest of the Roman institutions, should labor to preserve it in its purity, should perfect, enlarge, make it sufficiently comprehensive to govern great empires, find it the only real source of national progress? By suffrage the people have come at last to know that they are free: they have used their freedom with discretion.

When we turn to America the sentiment of exultation changes. We are shocked, amazed. Here in the earliest home of universal and manhood suffrage, except for classic Rome or possibly some mediæval Florence or Ghent, the purity of elections, the safety of the voter, the right of opinion, are wholly lost. Over all the educated, liberal part of the nation our elections pass off with regularity, and no man is forbidden to express his opinion, indicate his wishes. In Kansas and California, Massachusetts, Maine, the right of suffrage is at least as jealously protected as it is in Paris or Rome. In all the Northern and Free States, as they are well named, the voice of the people is more freely heard than in any other land. With all its failings (and they will all be corrected by time), universal suffrage has given the people education, prosperity, good order—in general, peace. There is no part of the world so fortunate, so strong, as that portion of our territory—by far the largest, most populous—where suffrage is unrestricted and free. Yet, of all the civilized countries, ours, the early home of the solemn rite, is the only one that can not insure to its voters the free expression of their will, their suffrage. An election has recently been held in South Carolina. It was carried by the secret or faintly disguised threats of an armed faction, by frauds at the ballot-box that seem to have been purposely made conspicuous, by an extravagant insult to all the principles of republicanism. The contrast is startling. In Europe the electors go peacefully to the polls, the rage of the ultramontanes, the tyranny of caste or king, held in check by the silent authority of the national law. The peasant of the Tyrol, in the heart of the most bigoted section of the Austrian realm, may vote as he pleases. Sclaves, Magyars, Croats, have learned to respect each other's rights. Among the defiles of the Pyrenees, in the centre of superstitious Brittany, or in the most turbulent quarters of Paris, no man dares deny to another his right of suffrage. The French peasant is free; the citizen of South Carolina is a serf. The Scandinavian farmer, under the rays of his midnight sun, enjoys his unrestrained freedom of thought and action; the Republicans of Mississippi are held in an intolerant bondage. Life, liberty, property, have been made secure in the centres of the oldest despotisms of Europe; in Louisiana violence, intimidation, are often the only law.

It will evidently become a question for the whole people to discuss with gravity, moderation, firmness, how this stain upon the cause of freedom can be removed, how the elections of the New World can be conducted with the propriety, the dignity, that have marked those of the Old. Scarcely should it be said that in one large section of the chief of republics the voice of the majority was silenced by force or fraud, that a Congressional election is controlled by violence, that while the deputies of Hungary or the representatives of France are chosen with fairness and discretion, the members of an American Congress often owe their seats to the most open measures of unconstitutional violence. Austria enforces purity in its elections; Germany holds in check the savage passions of ultramontanes and extreme Socialists; Europe secures the free representation of the people. The people of the United States must see that they are not left behind in the race of progress. Our government rests upon the purity of its elections; with this it lives or dies. It is, indeed, one of the most weighty of our political questions. The wise, the good, of every part of the country should consider it together. There is a majority in South Carolina that hates violence; there are patriotic, generous men in New Orleans. There are men in every part of the nation who blush for their country that alone is unable to secure the first elements of freedom. Suffrage with us must be a mockery until this wrong is redressed. The acts of a Congress elected by violence will have no validity. The law is shattered to its foundation, government destroyed. When the Roman commons demanded from the oligarchs the creation of their tribunes, the oligarchs yielded. Eugene Lawrence.

THE LANDING AT HALIFAX.

On page 989 our readers will find a view of the harbor of Halifax and the stately line of ships that assembled there on the morning of Monday, November 25, to offer a greeting to the *Sarmatian* as she bore the new Governor-General and his royal wife to Canadian shores. The latter vessel, in spite of adverse winds and rough weather, completed her ocean voyage within the expected time, and was signaled by the watchers on Citadel Hill between half past six and seven o'clock on the evening of the preceding Saturday. A steam-tug was immediately sent down to meet her, which for some hours searched in vain for the new arrival, owing to the fog and mist which obscured the view. Finally, however, she was discovered in the act of lowering her anchor between M'Nab's and St. George's islands, and at that point she remained until the moment arrived for her formal entrance into the harbor on Monday.

It was decided that the British fleet should not go down to the *Sarmatian* to act as escort, but await her approach at the upper end of the harbor. The six great ships of the line were therefore moored in two lines, headed by the *Bellerophon* on the Halifax and the *Black Prince* on the Dartmouth side. About half past ten o'clock the vessel bearing the vice-regal party on her deck began to get slowly under way. The royal standard was hoisted, and as the ensign went aloft a grand salute was begun. York Redoubt fired the first gun; then followed the fleet with their smaller guns; then the cannon of the militia battery at Point Pleasant thundered forth; then followed the guns of George's Island; and afterward, when the *Sarmatian* was about opposite Market Wharf, the guns from the citadel added their mighty voices to the welcome. The sight was a grand and inspiring one. The noise of the cannon was echoed from the hills in a score of loud reports. When the royal standard was displayed by the *Sarmatian*, the vessels of the fleet hoisted their colors and flung out lines of bunting. The yards were manned from deck to main truck. As one by one the five war-ships were approached, the sailors greeted the *Sarmatian* with hearty and enthusiastic cheers. When she passed the *Black Prince*, the band of the latter vessel played "God Save the Queen," and the Scotch pipers on the *Sarmatian* replied.

By eleven o'clock the vessel had reached a point above the dock-yard, and opposite the bright little village of Dartmouth. Here she dropped her anchor, but the vice-regal party remained aboard, one o'clock having been the hour set for disembarkation. Meanwhile there assembled gradually at the dock-yard a battalion of the 101st Regiment and another battalion of the Ninety-seventh Regulars, with a detachment of the Royal Marine Artillery and another of the Marine Light Infantry of Halifax. These troops, in various colored uniforms, were so placed as to guard all the approaches, line the route of exit from the yard, and present a good display. The yard itself had already been decorated profusely with evergreens, a great quantity of which, together with the uniforms of the soldiery, made the effect of the scene exceedingly brilliant. The surrounding wharves were crowded to the fullest extent with loyal Canadians of all classes waiting there to witness the landing.

At exactly half past one the Marquis and his suite passed over the ship's side and entered the pinnace which was to convey them to shore. The troops immediately drew up, and prepared to present arms, while the officers of the Province and the Dominion government, including Lieutenant-Governor Archibald, Sir John Macdonald, the new Premier, and Lieutenant-General Sir Selby Smyth, together with a crowd of splendidly dressed aides and members of the Citizens' Committee with rosettes, took their respective places in front. On the immediate gangway stood four young ladies—one Miss Mary Archibald, daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor, whose duty it was to present the Princess Louise with a magnificent bouquet. A few minutes later the steam-launch, canopied at the stern, and containing the Marquis of Lorne, the Princess Louise, Admiral Inglefield, and the Duke of Edinburgh, rounded the right-hand pier and came to the steps. The admiral first stepped ashore in his conspicuous uniform. Next came the Duke of Edinburgh, wearing the dress of a Post-Captain in the Royal Navy, covered with decorations, which included the Garter, the Star of India, and the ribbons of the Order of the Bath. After them came the new Governor-General and his royal wife.

The dock-yard reception lasted only a few moments. The Marquis and the Princess passed through the loyal crowds, who saluted them with enthusiastic cheers, to the carriage which was to convey them to the Provincial Building. Still the scene was a very imposing one, and a worthy expression of the enthusiasm with which the Canadians are disposed to receive a new ruler in the person of the son-in-law of their Queen, and the affection they evidently feel toward the royal Princess who has come to make her home within the limits of this loyal American colony.

THE BUZZING OF INSECTS.

The old naturalists thought generally that the buzzing of insects was produced by the vibrations of the wing, but they had scarcely attempted to analyze this phenomenon, and their opinion was abandoned when Réaumur showed that when the wings are cut a blow-fly continues to buzz. Other explanations of the phenomenon have been advanced by various naturalists, but none of them are satisfactory.

M. Jousset de Bellesme has been making some investigations on the subject, and after proving that previous theories are unsatisfactory, he describes the results of his own researches. To avoid confusion, it should be distinctly understood what is meant by buzzing. In the scientific acceptation it means to imitate the sound of the humble-bee, which is the type of buzzing insects. But the humble-bee gives out two very different sounds, which are an octave of each other—a grave sound when it flies, and a sharp sound when it alights. We say, then, that buzzing is the faculty of insects to produce two sounds at an octave. This definition limits the phenomenon to the hymenoptera and the diptera. The coleoptera often produce in flying a grave and dull sound, but they are powerless to emit the sharp sound, and consequently do not buzz.

There are two or three ascertained facts which will serve as guides in the interpretation of the phenomenon. First, it is indisputable that the grave sound always accompanies the great vibrations of the wings, which serve for the translation of the insect. It is easily seen that this sound commences as soon as the wings begin to move, and that if the wings be cut off it disappears entirely. The sharp sound is never, on the contrary, produced during flight; it is only observed apart from the great vibrations of the wings when the insect alights, or when it is held so as to hinder its movement, and in that case the wing is seen to be animated by a rapid trembling. It is also produced when the wings are entirely taken away.

From these two remarks we may draw the conclusion that the grave sound belongs properly to the wings, that it is caused by their movements of great amplitude. There is here no difficulty. As to the sharp sound, it is certainly not produced by the wings, since it survives the absence of these. Yet the wings participate in it, and undergo a particular trembling during the production of this sound.

To discover the cause it is necessary to go back to the mechanism of the movement of the wing. It is known that among nearly all insects the muscles which serve for flight are not inserted in the wing itself, but in the parts of the thorax which support it, and that it is the movement of these which acts on the wing and makes it vibrate. The form of the thorax changes with each movement of the wing, under the influence of the contraction of the thoracic muscles. The muscular masses intended for flight being very powerful, this vibratory movement of the thorax is very intense, as may be proved by holding one of these insects between the fingers. But as the vibrations are repeated two or three hundred times per second, they give rise to a musical sound, which is the sharp note. In fact, the air which surrounds the thorax is set in vibration by that directly, and without the wing taking any part in it.

There are, then, two simultaneous sounds, one produced by the vibration of the wings and the other by the thoracic vibration, the latter twice as rapid as the former, and therefore an octave. This is why in flight only a single grave sound is heard. When the thorax moves alone a sharp sound is produced. This, M. De Bellesme believes, is the only explanation that can be given of the mode of production of the two sounds which constitute buzzing.

THROWING THE SHOE.

One of the best-known customs connected with shoes is that of throwing them after a wedding party on their way from church or elsewhere. It is, say the authors of *Lancashire Folk-Lore*, a relic of Anglo-Saxon or Danish usages, along with many other wedding usages of ancient origin. The Lancashire custom is to throw an old shoe on leaving the house to be married, as a preventive of future unhappiness, and an omen of good luck and prosperity. In Norfolk it is also the custom to throw the shoe after the wedding party on proceeding to the church. In Yorkshire, according to a writer in *Hone's Table-Book*, in 1827, there was a custom called "trashing," which signified pelting people with old shoes on their return from church on the wedding day. "Trashing" had at first some *raison d'être*, but as time went on this became forgotten, and the custom was indiscriminately practiced among the lower orders. The Kentish custom is for one of the groomsmen to throw the shoe, after which the bride-maids run, she who gets it believing that she will be married first. She in turn throws it among the men, the man who receives the blow being also destined for marriage before the others. A custom not very dissimilar used to prevail among the noble Germans in the past. The bride on being conducted to the bride-chamber used to take off her shoe and throw it among those who were near, every one striving to catch it, and the successful one accepting it as an omen of his or her early and happy marriage. There is an old rhyme still extant which gives an early date to this custom of throwing shoes at weddings:

"When Britons bold
Wedded of old,
Sandals were backward thrown,
The pair to tell
That, ill or well,
The act was all their own."

This custom has of late been very generally revived, and is now as popular at fashionable city weddings as among more superstitious country

folk. A writer in an old number of *Notes and Queries* suggests that it was a symbol of renunciation of dominion and authority over the bride by her father or guardian, and the receipt of the shoe by the bridegroom, even if accidental, an omen that that authority was transferred to him.

Shoes are connected with the ceremony of marriage in other ways than those we have mentioned. Luther, we learn from Michelet, was at the marriage of Jean Luffte, and after supper he conducted the bride to her chamber, telling the bridegroom that according to the common custom he ought to be master in his own house when his wife was not there; and for a symbol he took off the husband's shoe and put it upon the head of the bed, "afin qu'il prit ainsi la domination et gouvernement." Dr. Dennys says that one of the most singular coincidences of Chinese with Western notions is connected with shoes. It is customary at a marriage in South China for the bride to present her husband with a pair of shoes, by way of signifying that for the future she places herself under his control. These are carefully preserved in the family, and are never given away like other worn-out articles, it being deemed that to part with them portends an early separation between husband and wife. Dr. Dennys compares this with the statement in Braithwaite's "Boulster Lecture," 1640, in which mention is made of an ancient custom: "When at any time a couple were married, the sole of the bridegroom's shoe was to be laid upon the bride's head, implying with what subjection she should serve her husband." Swedish brides have a custom of letting a shoe slip or a handkerchief fall, in the hope that the bridegroom will from politeness stoop to pick it up. If he does, it will be his lot to submit—*i. e.*, bend his back—throughout his married life. In Denmark it is still a common saying that a lady who rules her husband "has him under the slipper."

Orthodox eldest sisters, should they be unmarried, ought to dance at a younger sister's wedding without shoes, to counteract their ill luck and procure them husbands.

Throwing an old shoe for luck is another old popular superstition. It is common throughout England, and readers of the Queen's *Journal* will find that it was even practiced when her Majesty first entered the new castle of Balmoral on September 7, 1855. The custom used to be common at Whitby when the vessels left for the Greenland whale-fishery, the shoes being thrown after the ships as they passed the pier, as an omen of the throwers' wishes for their safe and successful return. Tennyson, in his "Lyrical Monologue," has the following:

"For this, thou shalt from all things suck
Marrow of mirth and laughter;
And wheresoe'er thou move, good luck
Shall fling her old shoe after."

A festival, or ceremony, called Zopata, from a Spanish word signifying a shoe, prevails in Italy in the courts of certain persons on St. Nicholas's Day. Persons hide presents in the shoes and slippers of those to whom they do honor, in such manner as may surprise them on the morrow when they come to dress.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	15.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Saturday,	21.—St. Thomas the Apostle.
Sunday,	22.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Wednesday,	25.—Christmas-day.
Thursday,	26.—St. Stephen the Martyr.
Friday,	27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Saturday,	28.—The Holy Innocents.
Sunday,	29.—First Sunday after Christmas.

MR. FRANCIS MURPHY has entered upon the third week of his meetings in the Seventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church of this city. His success with all classes, but especially with intemperate men, has been very great. His affectionate heartiness makes him irresistibly persuasive in dealing with the outcasts of society. They are hard-featured, shockingly dressed when they come first to the church, and some of them drunk, but once under Mr. MURPHY's spell, many pick up courage, and start upon a new life. A noon service has been held daily for prayer and the narration of experience. At times the experiences told are revelations of years of misery. A meeting was held in the hall of Cooper Union on Sunday evening, November 24, at which 3000 were present. Mr. MURPHY reports that 5000 persons have taken the pledge in two weeks. Other largely attended temperance meetings are now in progress in the city.

The Rev. G. O. BEN-OLIEL, of Alcoy, Spain, whose imprisonment by the Spanish authorities for doing no more than his duty as a Protestant minister has been noticed in this column, has been pardoned and released.

The system adopted by the Presbyterians of the city of New York for clearing off church debts is worthy of consideration and adoption by other denominations of Christians having houses of worship on Manhattan Island. The raising of $409,500 in one year, and the appropriation of the money where it was most needed, are most creditable achievements. The Presbytery of New York has a vigorous Church Extension Committee, and the committee has the co-operation of all the churches. It is likely that in 1879 an effort will be made to pay off every Presbyterian church debt in this city. The churches of a common faith in a great city have a common interest, and can help each other if they will.

Lord RADSTOCK, the evangelist, is now in Stockholm, Sweden, where he is holding drawing-room meetings.

The *Whitehall Review*, of England, has republished in pamphlet form its list of conversions from the Church of England to the Roman Catholic Church during late years. The list is chiefly of persons well known in social, public, or cultured life. There are in it the names of 1640 persons, among whom, says the London *Tablet*, are "12 peers, 3 eldest sons of peers, 23 peeresses, 2 wives of peers' eldest sons, 333 clergymen, 266 graduates of Oxford, 128 of Cambridge, and 4 of Dublin." The notable article in the *Contemporary Review* for November, with the title, "A Voice from Rome," represents Cardinal MANNING as having promised the late Pope a speedy return of England to the Catholic faith. This list of distinguished perverts shows that he had some grounds at least for such a promise.

The work of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY in Great Britain has led to a formal organization of evangelism. An association has been formed for "the supply of evangelists for mission work in the Church of England." It is intended as a memorial of the late Rev. ROBERT AITKEN, who was in his lifetime known as the "clerical Methodist." He resembled in his zeal the GRIMSHAWS and PERSONETS of WESLEY's time. His son, a clergyman of the Established Church, is at the head of the new association. Evangelists will be sent out, and rectors who have good talents for this species of preaching will be so aided that they may, if they will, devote themselves to evangelism. Mr. AITKEN has been holding meetings in Exeter Hall, with the co-operation of the Young Men's Christian Association of London.

At the 250th anniversary of the Collegiate Reformed Church, of this city, Dr. VERMILYE, the senior pastor, stated: "There have been in the history of this church twenty-eight pastors and six edifices. We have trained 27,000 children, and having started with fifty souls to sit down at the Lord's Supper, we now number 11,000 communicants in our church. Nearly $400,000 of the church's funds have been devoted to outside charity."

Since the adjournment of the "Prophetic Conference," held in this city last month, the second coming of Christ has been much discussed. Professor BRIGGS, of the Union Theological Seminary, is treating the subject in its relations to the Westminster Confession. The *Evangelist*, in which his articles have appeared, announces that replies to them are ready. It is very desirable that the discussion may be kept in the hands of thoroughly scholarly men—men who are solid in exegesis, and have practice and sagacity in interpretation.

By the death of Dr. J. H. BECKMAN, of the diocese of Osnabrück, the number of Roman Catholic bishops in Prussia is reduced to three. The three are the diocesans of Ermeland, Culm, and Hildesheim. The vacant dioceses are nine in number; three of their bishops have died, and six have been deposed. The deceased Bishop BECKMAN was one of the opponents of the decree of papal infallibility; he made his submission in time, but most reluctantly.

The Reformed Episcopalians of England have consecrated a third bishop. The names of the three are GREGG, SUGDEN, and TOKE.

The Italian Prime Minister CAIROLI has declared his purpose to present to the Parliament a bill conferring suffrage on all males who "shall have attained twenty-one years, and shall be provided with sufficient proof of their ability to read and write." He will also urge its passage as a ministerial measure. The question has at once been raised by the Italian ultramontanes whether in the event of the success of the bill they may not with advantage change their present policy of abstinence from voting. They think they see in universal suffrage the opportunity of securing the control of Italy. The *Unità Cattolica* expresses its gratification thus: "A new era is at hand, and perhaps Providence is opening for us a gateway of safety. The very enemies of the Church are condemned to prepare her triumph, and we must seize the weapon placed in our hands." It is thought that the change of tactics has the sanction of the Vatican.

The English Church Association, the antagonist of the Church Union and the Anglo-Catholic Revival, held its autumnal Conference in the city of Derby on November 5. In the most important paper, read by Canon RYLE, the "Distinctive Principles of the Church of England" were declared to be: (1) Unvarying Reverence for Holy Scripture; (2) Doctrinal Evangelicalism; (3) An outspoken Testimony against the Church of Rome; (4) Rejection of the Sacerdotal or Sacrificial Character of the Christian Ministry; (5) A well-balanced and moderate Estimate of the Sacraments. A public meeting, presided over by the Mayor of Derby, was held during the Conference.

Five cardinals have died since the election of LEO XIII.—ST. MARC, AMAT, BERARDI, FRANCHI, and CULLEN. There remain fifty-eight in the Sacred College. Of these, six are bishops, forty-three priests, and nine deacons. Three only remain who were created by GREGORY XVI.—SCHWARTZENBERG, ASQUINI, and CARAFA DI TRAETTO. LEO XIII. has not yet created any cardinals.

An amnesty has been granted by the Superior Council of the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland, to the Roman Catholic priests who were ejected from their parishes five years ago. When Bishop LACHAT excommunicated the priests in this canton who refused to publish the decrees of the Vatican Council to their congregations, he was himself expelled by the cantonal authorities. The priests who sided with him were also expelled from their parishes and declared ineligible to exercise their office in the canton. In this way the Christian Catholics came into possession of more than thirty of the churches. The Council now gives the amnestied Vatican priests the privilege of competing in the next elections for pastors. Election of priests by the people is against Roman Catholic law and practice, but it is likely to be submitted to in Berne in the hope of a recovery thereby of lost ground.

The venerable Dr. MOFFATT, the father-in-law of LIVINGSTONE, is greatly beloved in England. All conceivable honors are accorded him. When he entered the Missionary Conference recently held in London all who were present rose to their feet, and hearty cheering greeted him. Dr. CLARK, of the American Board, thus describes, in the *Congregationalist*, his personal appearance: "Tall and straight, though now at the age of eighty-two, his long white beard falling down upon his breast, his voice musical in every tone, his dark eye undimmed and flashing as of old, he was a man to command attention." Dr. CLARK notes as strange the indifference of the secular press of London to this notable assembly of representatives of Protestant missions. "Here," he says, "not a word in the *Times* or the *Daily News*, or in any one of the secular papers, as far as I could learn. 'Religious matters do not enter into the common life of our people,' was the answer given me for the difference."

It is to be hoped that the amendments to the Constitution of California, proposed to the Convention now in session, do not express the sober judgment of the citizens of the State. One of the amendments runs thus: "All further immigration to this State of Chinese, and all other persons ineligible to be citizens of the United States, under the naturalization laws thereof, is hereby prohibited." The other is: "No person shall be permitted to settle in this State who is not eligible to become a citizen of the United States, after the adoption of this Constitution." It is unnecessary to say that the Burlingame Treaty expressly provides for the free admission of Chinamen to this country, and of Americans to China.

The week of prayer will be observed next month more generally than ever throughout the Protestant world. The appropriateness of such a brief period of devotion appears to have impressed itself especially on the English-speaking Churches, and has been recognized wherever the Evangelical Alliance is known and its branches are established. The topics announced for the observance in 1879 are: Monday, January 6, thanksgiving for the blessings of the year past, and prayer for their continuance. Tuesday, January 7, prayer for the Church of Christ; its ministers, its growth in grace, and enlargement. Wednesday, January 8, Christian education; the family; the young; colleges, seminaries of learning, Sunday and other schools. Thursday, January 9, for nations; rulers and people; for peace and religious liberty in the earth. Friday, January 10, the press; the cause of temperance, and other social reforms. Saturday, January 11, home and foreign missions, and the conversion of the world.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE results of the investigations of the Yellow Fever Commission, as reported at the recent session of the American Public Health Association in Richmond, Virginia, may disappoint many who hoped that the origin of this disease and its prevention and cure would be so fully revealed as to make impossible another epidemic like that of the summer of 1878. It should be remembered, however, that the commission has not had time to collect all evidence and information upon doubtful points, and that when the great mass of facts have been brought together and carefully considered, the conclusions will be more definite. At present there seems to be a difference of opinion among eminent physicians upon some very important points, the chief one being whether the disease was indigenous in the cities most affected, or whether it was imported. Some physicians hold the opinion that yellow fever is always brought to this country from foreign ports where frosts are unknown, others think it is always indigenous, while others still believe that it is sometimes imported and sometimes springs up simultaneously. A difference of opinion also exists in regard to the value of disinfectants to arrest the spread of yellow fever, and of drugs used as preventives.

The following propositions, which were adopted, after some discussion, by the Health Association, will be of interest to our readers:

"*First.* That the yellow fever of 1878 was a specific disease, not indigenous to or originating spontaneously in the United States, and its appearance in this country during that year was due to specific causes.

"*Second.* That quarantine, established with such rigor and precision as to produce absolute non-intercourse, will prevent the importation of specific causes of yellow fever.

"*Third.* That it is the duty of the general government to aid in the establishment of practical and proper quarantine by all the means in its power.

"*Fourth.* That it is the duty of the general government to appoint a commission of experts to make a thorough inquiry into the causes of yellow fever, and the best method of preventing its introduction into this country, and to make such an appropriation as will permit of the securing of the services of the best men and of the best means for carrying out such an investigation.

"*Fifth.* That it is the duty of the general government to invite foreign nations to co-operate with it in the establishment of uniform and effective international quarantine regulations.

"*Sixth.* That whatever may be the permanent value of quarantine, there is no doubt of the importance and value of internal sanitary measures in the prevention or modification of epidemic yellow fever, and that this association strongly urges upon State and municipal authorities the great amount of responsibility which rests upon them on this account at times when no disease is prevailing or threatening."

In Great Britain there are constant indications of "hard times." Many large manufacturing firms have failed or have been temporarily closed. Recently no less than eighteen iron firms have given notice of their intention to reduce the wages of their employés. The number of working hours, and consequently the wages, in cotton manufactories at Glasgow have been reduced. While in this country there is every indication of better times, things are far from encouraging in England.

For the protection of life and the safety of commerce the Light-house Service now maintains 1336 lights, 471 day beacons, 55 fog-signals, and 3002 buoys. Yet many new lights are needed in consequence of the increasing commerce of the country, and old ones need to be repaired.

Work on the Brooklyn Bridge will be suspended during the winter, in consequence of the recent decision of the Supreme Court at Special Term, denying the application for a mandamus to compel Comptroller Kelly to issue bonds for its completion. The wording of the statute in reference to the bridge seems—to say the least—to be ambiguous, and the case will doubtless be appealed. This legal investigation will seriously delay, though probably not prevent, the completion of this bridge. At present the wrapping of the cables is progressing rapidly. The four main cables have been wrapped and painted for a distance of about three hundred feet on each side of the towers and anchorages.

An order has been issued by the Postmaster-General forbidding letter-carriers and other postal employés to circulate any "address" calculated to induce the public to make them gifts or presents, as he regards the practice as objectionable. This does not, however, prohibit carriers from receiving gifts from those who desire to show their appreciation of faithful service by tokens suggested by the holiday season.

The *Pommerania*, a steam-ship of the Hamburg-American Line, which was recently lost in the English Channel by collision with the bark *Moel Eilian*, was a fine steamer, having all modern improvements, and accommodations for about two hundred first and second cabin passengers. Captain Schwensen is an able and popular commander, who has been in the service of the Hamburg Company since 1848, when he was appointed chief mate of the *Deutschland*, the first packet-ship built for the company to ply between Hamburg and this port. He has made 125 round trips between this country and Germany, and this late disaster is said to be the first accident which has occurred under his command.

The Soldiers' Home at Bath will probably be open soon for the reception of inmates.

In the Grenada *Sentinel* a warm and well-deserved commendation is given to the printers, who, during the epidemic, displayed such heroism in performing their duties. The *Sentinel* says:

"But for the labors of these brave, earnest, almost death-defying laborers, what would the outside world have known of the ravages of the fever during the long months of August, September, and October? Not only did they labor in the composing and press rooms, but found time, in some instances, to nurse a sick friend, brother, father, mother, wife, or child. Such pluck, such indomitable energy, was witnessed in no other occupation, as far as we have noticed. God bless the brave, earnest printers, the light of the terrible darkness that reigned for three months under the dark wing of the overshadowing pestilence!"

One of the speakers at the late Oberlin Commencement related a little incident which he said had been more useful to him than many profound lessons in moral philosophy. In one of the schools which, when a student, he taught during the winter vacation, an ungainly but stalwart youth refused for weeks to comply with the rule of the school requiring him to write compositions. It was impossible to excuse him, of course; and as he was larger and stronger than the teacher, a contest seemed near at hand. Fortunately, however, the stubborn scholar concluded to obey the law, and produced a large sheet of foolscap containing the following thoughtful production: "*About Virtue.*—Virtue is a good thing to get a holt of. Whenever a fellow gets a holt of virtue, he better keep a holt"—a sentiment worthy of daily remembrance.

As a New York man was walking through a street a long distance from his home, he met, as he supposed, his young son, and reproving him for being so far from home, he started to take him back. At that moment a woman approached him and demanded her boy, accusing the man at the same time of an attempt at abduction. The man held fast to the boy, so the woman obtained a policeman, and the parties were brought before a justice. Both insisted that the boy was their own. The man's wife was summoned to solve the problem; and she brought her boy with her, to the amazement of her husband. The resemblance between the children was very remarkable; but the astounded father readily gave up the contest, and took his own boy home.

A Dayton (Ohio) journal says that some boys of the Intermediate School one evening after school took hold of a comrade and said they would throw him down stairs. He held to the balusters, and they pulled his feet, trying to frighten him. He begged them to desist, but they only laughed. When they did let go, however, he fainted, and had to be carried to his home. He did not seem to be much hurt at first, but the next morning he complained of a severe pain in the side. A physician was called, and upon examination said that the boy had been strained and was injured internally. Inflammation set in, and after suffering untold agonies for a few days, he died. Should not some lessons on gentleness and respect for the rights of companions be given in our schools?

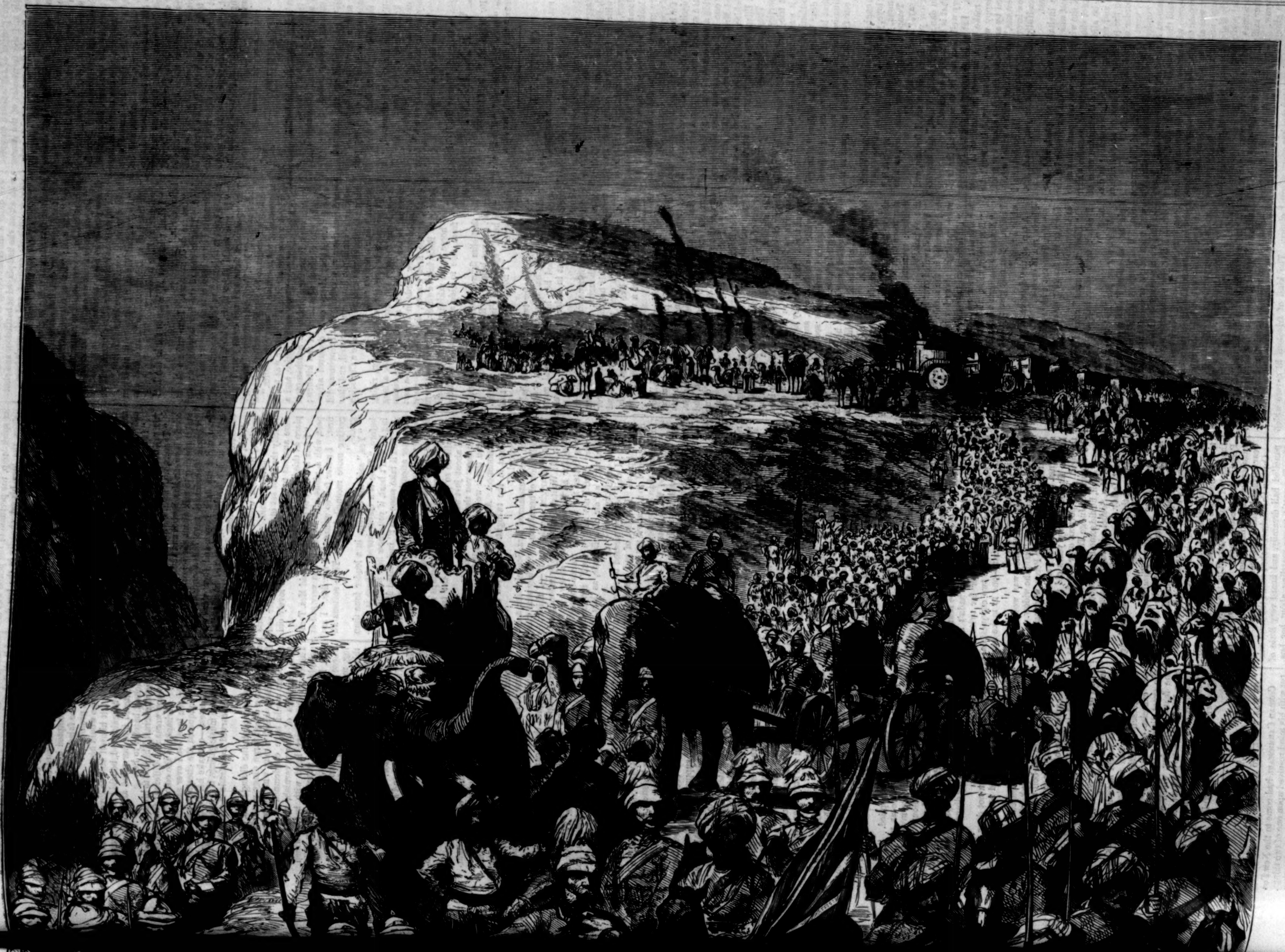
Some visitors at a great shoe manufactory in Lynn, Massachusetts, recently saw a pair of kid boots made from the stock in just eleven minutes.

It will be a public calamity if the requirements of the Library of Congress do not receive attention as soon as possible. Preliminary steps toward the erection of a new building were taken during the last session of Congress, but it is apprehended that delay may arise which will involve most serious consequences. The collection of books, which has long crowded the present library room to overflowing, is constantly increasing, and is rapidly becoming unavailable for lack of space. Between 65,000 and 70,000 volumes are now piled up on the floors and in the galleries of the library, and many of them have been much injured by remaining in this condition.

It is related of the late Dr. Petermann that when Behm, the editor of the *Geographical Year-Book*, was married, he caused a skillful silversmith to make for a wedding present a globe to serve for a butter dish. The upper half was a cover. Upon this globe a map of all the earth was carefully engraved, the diameter of the dish being about four inches. To enhance the delicacy of the idea, the route which the young couple would take on their wedding tour was carefully set down, and the names of the places engraved where they were to tarry.

The Utica *Herald* remarks that readers of Saxe Holm's stories may be interested to know that Professor Oren Root, of Hamilton College, has a large collection of tourmalines, and among them one of magnificent size and beauty that is believed to be the largest ever quarried on this planet. Alice Fisher's marvellous tourmaline was two inches long. Professor Root's largest specimen is six inches long, very massive, and beautifully bevelled. Its terminal faces are unbroken. One end shows positive electricity, the other negative. It was found in St. Lawrence County, near Rossie, where Professor Root has been a diligent and successful explorer. The samples of tourmaline found near Rossie are much larger and more perfect than those found in Maine or any European locality.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS—AWAITING THE ORDER TO ADVANCE.—[See Page 994.]



THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Between that portion of Afghanistan occupied by the British and the territories of the Ameer there is a long line of independent tribes occupying the mountainous ranges which form the northwestern barrier. Adjoining the Peshawur Valley there are the Gaduns, Buneerwals, Swatees, Utman Kheyls, Momunds, and Afreedees, numbering some 80,000 fighting men. Further down the frontier, near to Banoo and Dera Ismail Khan, there are the Orukzais, Zaimoshtees, Turees, and Wazeerees, who can muster at least another 80,000. These men are armed with matchlocks, pistols, swords, and knives, and being used to hill warfare, will be a powerful auxiliary to that side with which they cast in their lot. Every effort was made by Generals Browne and Roberts to induce these warlike tribes to join the British standard, and some of the leading tribes took part with the British troops in their recent advance, which is described in our Supplement. Our double-page illustration shows the gathering of these tribes previous to the forward movement.

NAUGHTY.

Somebody's lips were close to mine;
Thus tempted I couldn't resist.
Roguish and rosy, a sweet little mouth
Was suddenly softly kissed.

Somebody's eyes looked up and frowned
With such a reproving glance.
"If kisses were wicked?" I asked my pet;
Then the eyes began to dance.

And smiling, the little maid answered,
As I knelt there at her feet:
"They must be a little bit naughty,
Or they never would be so sweet."

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

"HE BELONGS TO THE TAME-CAT SPECIES."

Life went on smoothly enough at the Abbey House after that evening. Violet tried to make herself happy among the surroundings of her childhood, petted the horses, drove her basket-carriage with the favorite old pony, went among the villagers, rode her thorough-bred bay for long wild explorations of the forest and neighboring country, looked with longing eyes sometimes at the merry groups riding to the meet, and went her lonely way with a heavy heart. No more hunting for her. She could not hunt alone, and she had declined all friendly offers of escort. It would have seemed a treason against her beloved dead to ride across country by any one else's side.

Every one had called at the Abbey House and welcomed Mrs. Tempest and her daughter back to Hampshire. They had been asked to a kettle-drum at Ellangowan Park, to see the marvellous orchid. They had been invited to half a dozen dinner parties.

Violet tried her utmost to persuade her mother that it was much too soon after her father's death to think of visiting.

"My dear Violet," cried the widow, "after going to that ball at Brighton, we could not possibly decline invitations here. It would be an insult to our friends. If we had not gone to the ball—"

"We ought not to have gone," exclaimed Vixen.

"My love, you should have said so at the time."

"Mamma, you know I was strongly against it."

Mrs. Tempest shrugged her shoulders, as who should say, "This is too much!"

"I know your dress cost a small fortune, and that you danced every waltz, Violet," she answered; "that is about all I do know."

"Very well, mamma, let us accept all the invitations. Let us be as merry as grigs. Perhaps it will make papa happier in paradise to know how happy we are without him. He won't be troubled by any uneasy thoughts about our grief, at all events," added Vixen, with a stifled sob.

"How irreverently you talk! Mr. Scobel would be dreadfully shocked to hear you," said Mrs. Tempest.

The invitations were all accepted, and Mrs. Tempest was in a flutter about her dresses for the rest of the winter. She was very particular as to the exact shade of silver-gray or lavender which might be allowed to relieve the sombre mass of black, and would spend a whole morning in discussing the propriety of a knot of scarlet ribbon or a border of gold passementerie.

They went to Ellangowan Park and did homage to the wonderful orchid, and discussed Roderick's engagement to the duke's only daughter. Every body said that it was Lady Jane's doing, and there were some who almost implied that she had died on purpose to bring about the happy conjuncture. Violet was able to talk quite pleasantly about the marriage, and to agree with every body's praises of Lady Mabel's beauty, elegance, good style, and general perfection.

Christmas and the New-Year went by, not altogether sadly. It is not easy for youth to be full of sorrow. The clouds come and go; there are always glimpses of sunshine. Violet was grateful for the kindness that greeted her every where among her old friends, and perhaps a little glad of the evident admiration her beauty awakened in all circles. Life was just tolerable, after all. She thought of Roderick Vawdrey as of something belonging to the past; something which had no part, never would have any part, in her future life. He too was dead and passed away, like her father. Lady Mabel's husband, the master of Briarwood *in esse* and of Ashbourne *in posse*, was quite a different being from the rough lad with whom she had played at battledoor and shuttlecock, billiards, croquet, and prisoner's-base.

Early in February Mrs. Tempest informed her daughter that she was going to give a dinner.

"It will seem very dreadful without dearest Edward," she said; "but of course, having accepted hospitalities, we are bound to return them."

"Do you really think we ought to burst out into dinner parties so soon, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, as we accepted the dinners. If we had not gone, it would have been different."

"Ah," sighed Vixen, "I suppose it all began with that ball at Brighton, like 'Man's first disobedience, and the fruit—'"

"I shall miss poor M'Croke to fill in the invitation cards."

"Let me do it, mamma. I can write a decent hand. That is one of the few lady-like accomplishments I have been able to master; and even that is open to objection as being too masculine."

"If you would slope more, Violet, and make your up-strokes finer, and not cross your T's so undeviatingly," Mrs. Tempest murmured, amiably. "A lady's T ought to be less pronounced. There is something too assertive in your consonants."

Violet wrote the cards. The dinner was to be quite a grand affair. Three weeks' notice, and a French cook from the Dolphin at Southampton to take the conduct of affairs in the kitchen; whereby the Abbey House cook declared afterward that there was nothing that Frenchman did which she could not have done as well, and that his wastefulness was enough to make a Christian woman's hair stand on end.

Three days before the dinner, Vixen, riding Arion home through the shrubbery after a long morning in the forest, was startled by the vision of a dog-cart a few yards in front of her—a cart which, at the first glance, she concluded must belong to Roderick Vawdrey. The wheels were red, the horse had a rakish air, the light vehicle swung from side to side as it span around the curve.

No, that slim figure, that neat waist, that military air, did not belong to Roderick Vawdrey.

"He here!" ejaculated Vixen, inwardly, with infinite disgust. "I hoped we had seen the last of him."

She had been out for two hours and a half, and felt that Arion had done quite enough, or she would have turned her horse's head and gone back to the forest in order to avoid this unwelcome visitor.

"I only hope mamma won't encourage him to come here," she thought; "but I'm afraid that smooth tongue of his has too much influence over her. And I haven't even poor Crokey to stand by me. I shall feel like a bird transfixed by the wicked green eyes of a velvet-pawed murdering cat.

"And I have not a friend in the world," she thought. "Plenty of pleasant acquaintance, ready to simper at me and pay me compliments because I am Miss Tempest of the Abbey House, but not one honest friend to stand by me, and turn that man out of doors. How dare he come here? I thought I spoke plainly enough that night at Brighton."

She rode slowly up to the house, slipped lightly out of her saddle, and led her horse round to the stables, just as she had led the pony in her happy childish days. The bright thorough-bred bay was as fond of her as if he had been a dog, and as tame. She stood by his manger caressing him while he ate his corn, and feeling very safe from Captain Carmichael's society in the sweet clover-scented stable.

She dawdled away half an hour in this manner before she went back to the house and ran up to her dressing-room.

"If mamma sends for me now, I sha'n't be able to go down," she thought. "He can hardly stay more than an hour. Oh, horror! he is a tea-drinker; mamma will persuade him to stop till five o'clock."

Violet dawdled over her change of dress as she had dawdled in the stable. She had never been more particular about her hair.

"I'll have it all taken down, Phœbe," she told her abigail; "I'm in no hurry."

"But really, miss, it's beautiful—"

"Nonsense—after a windy ride. Don't be lazy, Phœbe. You may give my hair a good brushing while I read."

A tap at the door came at this moment, and Phœbe ran to open it.

"Mrs. Tempest wishes Miss Tempest to come down to the drawing-room directly," said a voice in the corridor.

"There now, miss," cried Phœbe, "how lucky I didn't take your hair down! It never was nicer."

Violet put on her black dress, costly and simple as the attire Polonius recommended to his son. Mrs. Tempest might relieve her costume with what bright or delicate hues she liked. Violet had worn nothing but black since her father's death. Her sole ornaments were a pair of black ear-rings, and a large black enamel locket with one big diamond shining in the middle of it like an eye. This locket held the squire's portrait, and his daughter wore it constantly.

The Louis Quatorze clock on the staircase struck five as Violet went down.

"Of course he is staying for tea," she thought, with an impatient shrug of her shoulders. "He belongs to the tame-cat species, and has an inexhaustible flow of gossip, spiced with mild malevolence. The kind of frivolous ill nature which says: 'I would not do any one harm for the world, but one may as well think the worst of every body.'"

Yes, kettle-drum was in full swing. Mrs. Scobel had come over from her tiny vicarage for half an hour's chat, and was sitting opposite her hostess's fire, while Captain Carmichael lounged with his back to the canopied chimney-piece, and looked benignantly down upon the two ladies. The Queen Anne kettle was hissing merrily over its spirit-lamp, the perfume of the pekoe was delicious, the logs blazed cheerily in the low fire-place with its shining brass andirons. Not a repulsive picture, assuredly; yet Vixen came slowly toward this charmed circle, looking black as thunder.

Captain Carmichael hurried forward to receive her.

"How do you do?" she said, as stiffly as a child brought down to the drawing-room bristling in newly brushed hair and a best frock; and then turning to her mother, she asked, curtly, "What did you want with me, mamma?"

"It was Captain Carmichael who asked to see you, my dear. Won't you have some tea?"

"Thanks, no," said Vixen, seating herself in a corner between Mrs. Scobel and the mantel-piece, and beginning to talk about the schools.

Conrad Carmichael gave her a curious look from under his dark brows, and then went on talking to her mother. He seemed hardly disconcerted by her rudeness.

"Yes, I assure you, if it hadn't been for the harriers, Brighton would have been unbearable after you left," he said. "I went over to Paris directly the frost set in. But I don't wonder you were anxious to come back to such a lovely old place as this."

"I felt it a duty to come back," said Mrs. Tempest, with a pious air. "But it was very sad at first. I never felt so unhappy in my life. I am getting more reconciled now. Time softens all griefs."

"Yes," said the captain, in a louder tone than before, "Time is a clever horse. There is nothing he won't beat, if you know how to ride him."

"You'll take some tea?" insinuated Mrs. Tempest, her attention absorbed by the silver kettle, which was just now conducting itself as spitfireishly as any blackened block-tin on a kitchen hob.

"I can never resist it. And perhaps after tea you will be so good as to give me the treat you talked about just now."

"To show you the house?" said Mrs. Tempest. "Do you think we shall have light enough?"

"Abundance. An old house like this is seen at its best in the twilight. Don't you think so, Mrs. Scobel?"

"Oh yes," exclaimed Mrs. Scobel, with a lively recollection of her album. "'They who would see Melrose aright should see it'—I think, by-the-bye, Sir Walter Scott says, 'by moonlight.'"

"Yes, for an ancient Gothic abbey; but twilight is better for a Tudor manor-house. Are you sure it will not fatigue you?" inquired the captain, with an air of solicitude, as Mrs. Tempest rose languidly.

"No; I shall be very pleased to show you the dear old place. It is full of sad associations, of course, but I do not allow my mind to dwell upon them more than I can help."

"No," cried Vixen, bitterly. "We go to dinner parties and kettle-drums, and go into raptures about orchids and old china, and try to cure our broken hearts that way."

"Are you coming, Violet?" asked her mother, sweetly.

"No, thanks, mamma. I am tired after my ride. Mrs. Scobel will help you to play cicerone."

Captain Carmichael left the room without so much as a look at Violet Tempest. Yet her rude reception had galled him more than any cross that Fate had lately inflicted upon him. He had fancied that time would have softened her feelings toward him, that rural seclusion and the society of rustic nobodies would have made him appear at an advantage, that she would have welcomed the brightness and culture of metropolitan life in his person. He had hoped a great deal from the lapse of time since their last meeting. But this sullen reception, this silent expression of dislike, told him that Violet Tempest's aversion was a plant of deep root.

"The first woman who ever disliked me," he thought. "No wonder that she interests me more than other women. She is like that chestnut mare that threw me six times before I got the better of her. Yet she proved the best horse I ever had, and I rode her till she hadn't a leg to stand upon, and then sold her for twice the money she cost me. There are two conquests a man can make over a woman—one to make her love him, the other—"

"That suit of chain-armor was worn by Sir Gilbert Tempest at Acre," said the widow. "The plate-armor belonged to Sir Percy, who was killed at Barnet. Each of them was knighted before he was five-and-twenty years old for prowess in the field. The portrait over the chimney-piece is the celebrated Judge Tempest, who was famous for— Well, he did something wonderful, I know. Perhaps Mrs. Scobel remembers," concluded Mrs. Tempest, feebly.

"It was at the trial of the seven bishops," suggested the vicar's wife.

"In the time of Queen Elizabeth," assented Mrs. Tempest. "That one with the lace cravat and steel breastplate was an admiral in Charles the Second's reign, and was made a baronet after the repulse of the Dutch fleet at Flushing. The baronetcy died with his son, who left only daughters. The eldest married a Mr. Percival, who took the name of Tempest, and sat for the borough of— Perhaps Mrs. Scobel knows. I have such a bad memory for these things, though I have heard my dear husband talk about them so often."

Captain Carmichael looked round the great oak-panelled hall dreamily, and heard very little of Mrs. Tempest's vague prattling about her husband's ancestors.

What a lovely old place! he was thinking. A house that would give a man importance in the land, supported, as it was, by an estate bringing in something between five and six thousand a year. How much military distinction, how many battles, must a soldier win before he could make himself master of such a fortune!

"And it needed but for that girl to like me, and a little gold ring would have given me the freehold of it all," thought Conrad Carmichael, bitterly.

How many penniless girls, or girls with fortunes so far beneath the measure of a fine gentleman's needs as to be useless, had been over head and ears in love with the elegant captain! how many pretty girls had tempted him by their beauty and winsomeness to be false to his grand principle that marriage meant promotion! And here was an obstinate minx who would have realized all his aims, and whom he felt himself able to love to distraction into the bargain, and, behold! some adverse devil had entered into her mind and made Conrad Carmichael hateful to her.

"It's like witchcraft," he said to himself. "Why should this one woman be different from all other women? Perhaps it's the color. That ruddy auburn hair, the loveliest I ever saw, means temper. But I conquered the chestnut, and I'll conquer Miss Tempest—or make her smart for it."

"A handsome music-gallery, is it not?" said the widow. "The carved balustrade is generally admired."

Then they went into the dining-room, and looked at about a dozen large dingy pictures of the Italian school, which a man who knew any thing about art would have condemned at a glance. Fine examples of brown varnish, all of them. Thence to the library, lined with books, which nobody had opened for a generation—Livy, Gibbon, Hume, Burke, Smollett, Plutarch, Thomson. These sages, clad in shiny brown leather and gilding, made as good a lining for the walls as any thing else, and gave an air of snugness to the room in which the family dined when there was no company. They came presently to the squire's den, at the end of a corridor.

"That was my dear husband's study," sighed Mrs. Tempest. "It looks south, into the rose garden, and is one of the prettiest rooms in the house. But we keep it locked, and I think Violet has the key."

"Pray don't let Miss Tempest be disturbed. I have seen quite enough to know what a delightful house you have—all the interest of days that are gone, all the luxuries of to-day. I think that blending of past and present is most fascinating. I should never be a severe restorer of antiquity, or refuse to sit in a chair that wasn't undeniably Gothic."

"Ah," sighed the vicar's wife, who was an advanced disciple in the school of Eastlake, "but don't you think every thing should be in harmony? If I were as rich as Mrs. Tempest, I wouldn't have so much as a tea-pot that was not strictly Tudor."

"Then I'm afraid you'd have to go without a tea-pot, and drink your tea out of a tankard," retorted Captain Carmichael.

"At any rate, I would be as Tudor as I could be."

"And not have a brass bedstead, a spring mattress, or a coal-scuttle in your house," said the captain. "My dear madam, it is all very well to be mediæval in matters ecclesiastic, but home comforts must not be suppressed in the pursuit of the æsthetic, or a modern luxury discarded because it looks like an anachronism."

Mrs. Scobel was delighted with Captain Carmichael. He was just the kind of man to succeed in a rustic community. His quiet self-assurance set other people at their ease. He carried with him an air of life and movement, as if he were the patentee of a new pleasure.

"My husband would be so pleased to see you at the vicarage, if you are staying any time in the neighborhood," she said.

But after this little gush of friendliness she reflected that there could not be much sympathy between the man of society and her Anglican parson; and that it was she, and not Ignatius Scobel, who would be glad to see Captain Carmichael at the vicarage.

"I shall be charmed," he replied. "I never was so delighted with any place as your Forest. It is a new world to me. I hate myself for having lived in England so long without knowing this beautiful corner of the land. I am staying with my old chief, Colonel Pryke, at Warham Court, and I am only here for a few days."

"But you are coming to my dinner party?" said Mrs. Tempest.

"That is a pleasure I can not deny myself."

"And you will come and see our church and schools?" said Mrs. Scobel.

"I shall be more than pleased. I passed your pretty little church, I think, on my way here. There was a tin tea—a bell ringing—"

"For vespers," explained Mrs. Scobel.

The exploration of the house took a long time, conducted in this somewhat desultory and dawdling manner; but the closing in of night and the sound of the dinner gong gave the signal for Captain Carmichael's departure.

Mrs. Tempest would have liked to ask him to dinner; but she had an idea that Violet might make herself objectionable, and refrained from this exercise of hospitality. He was coming to the great dinner. He would see her dress with the feather trimming, which was really prettier than Worth's masterpiece, or, at any rate, newer, though it only came from Madame Theodore, of Bruton Street. Sustained by this reflection, she parted with him quite cheerfully.

CHAPTER XIII.

"HE WAS WORTHY TO BE LOVED FOR A LIFETIME."

Conrad Carmichael had come to the New Forest with his mind resolved upon one of two things. He meant to marry Violet Tempest, or her mother. If the case was quite hopeless with the daughter, he would content himself with winning the lesser prize; and though Vanity whispered that there was no woman living he might not win for himself if he chose to be sufficiently patient and per

severing, instinct told him that Violet frankly detested him.

"After all," argued Worldly Wisdom, "the alternative is not to be despised. The widow is somewhat rococo—an old-fashioned jewel kept in cotton-wool, and brought out on occasions to shine with a factitious brilliancy—but she is still pretty. She is ductile, amiable, weak to a degree that promises a husband the sovereign dominion. Why break your heart for this fair devil of a daughter, who looks capable, if offended, of any thing in the way of revenge, from a horsewhip to slow poison? Are a pair of brown eyes and a coronal of red gold hair worth all this wasted passion?"

"But the daughter is the greater catch," urged Ambition. "The dowager's jointure is well enough, and she has the Abbey House and gardens for her life, but Violet will be mistress of the estate when she comes of age. As Violet's husband, your position would be infinitely better than it could be as her step-father. Unhappily, the cantankerous minx has taken it into her head to dislike you."

"Stay!" interjected the bland voice of Vanity; "may not this dislike be only an assumption, a mask for some deeper feeling? There are girls who show their love in that way. Do not be in a hurry to commit yourself to the mother until you have made yourself quite sure about the daughter."

Mrs. Tempest's dinner party was a success. It introduced Captain Carmichael to all that was best in the surrounding society; for although in Switzerland he had seemed very familiar with the best people in the Forest, in Hampshire he appeared almost a stranger to them. It was generally admitted, however, that the captain was an acquisition and a person to be cultivated. He sang a French comic song almost as well as Monsieur De Roseau, recited a short American poem, which nobody had ever heard before, with telling force. He was at home upon every subject, from orchids to steam-ploughs, from ordnance to light literature. A man who sang so well, talked so well, looked so well, and behaved so well could not be otherwise than welcome in county society. Before the evening was over Captain Carmichael had been offered three hunters for the next day's run, and had been asked to write in four albums.

Violet did not honor him with so much as a look after the one cold recognition of his first appearance in the drawing-room. It was a party of more than twenty people, and she was able to keep out of his way without obvious avoidance of him. He was stung, but had no right to be offended.

He took Mrs. Scobel in to dinner, and Mrs. Scobel played the accompaniment of his song, being a clever little woman, able to turn her hand to any thing. He would have preferred to be told off to some more important matron, but was not sorry to be taken under Mrs. Scobel's wing. She would be useful to him, no doubt, in the future—a social Iris, to fetch and carry for him between Beechdale and the Abbey House.

"Do you know that I am quite in love with your Forest?" he said to Mrs. Tempest, standing in front of the ottoman where that lady sat with two of her particular friends—"so much so that I am actually in treaty for Captain Hawbuck's cottage, and mean to stay here till the end of the hunting."

Every body knew Captain Hawbuck's cottage—a verandaed box of a house on the slope of the hill above Beechdale.

"I'm afraid you'll find the drawing-room chimney smoke," said a lady in sea-green. "Poor Mrs. Hawbuck was a martyr to that chimney."

"What does a bachelor want with a drawing-room? If there is one sitting-room in which I can burn a good fire, I shall be satisfied. The stable is in very fair order."

"The Hawbucks kept a pony-carriage," assented the sea-green lady.

"If Mrs. Hawbuck accepts my offer, I shall send for my horses next week," said the captain.

Mrs. Tempest blushed. Her life had flowed in so gentle and placid a current that the freshness of her soul had not worn off, and at nine-and-thirty she was able to blush. There was something so significant in Captain Carmichael's desire to establish himself at Beechdale that she could not help feeling fluttered by the fact. It might be on Violet's account, of course, that he came; yet Violet and he had never got on very well together.

"Poor fellow!" she thought, blandly; "if he for a moment supposes that any thing would tempt me to marry again, he is egregiously mistaken."

And then she looked round the lovely old room, brightened by a crowd of well-dressed people, and thought that next to being Edward Tempest's wife, the best thing in life was to be Edward Tempest's widow.

"Dear Edward!" she mused; "how strange that we should miss him so little to-night!"

It had been with every one as if the squire had never lived. Politeness exacted this ignoring of the past, no doubt; but the thing had been so easily done! The noble presence, the jovial laugh, the friendly smile, were gone, and no one seemed conscious of the void—no one but Violet, who looked round the room once, when conversation was liveliest, with a pale, indignant face, resenting this forgetfulness.

"I wish papa's ghost would come in at that door and scare his hollow-hearted friends," she said to herself; and she felt as if it would hardly have been a surprise to her to see the door open slowly and that familiar figure appear.

"Well, Violet," Mrs. Tempest said, sweetly, when the guests were gone, "how do you think it all went off?"

"It" of course meant the dinner party.

"I suppose, according to the nature of such things, it was all right and proper," Vixen answered, coldly; "but I should think it must have been intensely painful to you, mamma."

Mrs. Tempest sighed. She had always a large selection of sighs in stock, suitable to every occasion.

"I should have felt it much worse if I had sat in my old place," she said; "but sitting at the middle of the table instead of at the end made it less painful. And I really think it's better style. How did you like the new arrangement of the glasses?"

"I didn't notice any thing new."

"My dear Violet, you are frightfully unobservant."

"No, I am not," answered Vixen, quickly. "My eyes are keen enough, believe me."

Mrs. Tempest felt uncomfortable. She began to think that, after all, it might be a comfortable thing to have a companion—as a fender between herself and Violet. A perpetually present Miss Jones or Smith would ward off these unpleasantnesses.

There are occasions, however, on which a position must be faced boldly—in proverbial phrase, the bull must be taken by the horns. And here, Mrs. Tempest felt, was a bull which must be so encountered. She knew that her poor little hands were too feeble for the office; but she told herself that she must make the heroic attempt.

"Violet, why have you such a rooted dislike to Captain Carmichael?"

"Why is my hair the color it is, mamma, or why are my eyes brown instead of blue? If you could answer my question, I might be able to answer yours. Nature made me what I am, and nature has implanted a hatred of Captain Carmichael in my mind."

"Do you not think it wrong to hate any one—the very word hate was considered unladylike when I was a girl—without cause?"

"I have cause to hate him, good cause, sufficient cause. I hate all self-seekers and adventurers."

"You have no right to call him one or the other."

"Have I not? What brings him here but the pursuit of his own interest? Why does he plant himself at our door as if he were come to besiege a town? Do you mean to say, mamma, that you can be so blind as not to see what he wants?"

"He has come for the hunting."

"Yes, but not to hunt our foxes or our stags. He wants a rich wife, mamma. And he thinks that you or I will be foolish enough to marry him."

"There would be nothing unnatural in his entertaining some idea of that kind about you," replied Mrs. Tempest, with a sudden assertion of matronly pride. "But for him to think of me in that light would be too absurd. I must be some years—perhaps four or five years—his senior, to begin with."

"Oh, he would forgive you that; he would not mind that."

"And he ought to know that I should never dream of marrying again."

"He ought, if he had any idea of what is right and noble in a woman," answered Vixen. "But he has not. He has no ideas that do not begin and end in himself and his own advantage. He sees you here with a handsome house, a good income, and he thinks that he can persuade you to marry him."

"Violet, you must know that I shall never marry."

"I hope I do know it. But the world ought to know it too. People ought not to be allowed to whisper and smile and look significant, as I saw some of them do to-night when Captain Carmichael was hanging over your chair. You ought not to encourage him, mamma. It is a treason against my father to have that man here."

Here was a bull that required prompt and severe handling, but Mrs. Tempest felt her powers inadequate to the effort.

"I am surprised at you, Violet!" she exclaimed: "as if I did not know as well as you what is due to my poor Edward—as if I should do any thing to compromise my own dignity. Is it to encourage a man to ask him to a dinner party when he happens to be visiting in the neighborhood? Can I forbid Captain Carmichael to take the Hawbucks' cottage?"

"No; you have gone too far already. You gave him too much encouragement in Switzerland and at Brighton. He has attached himself to us like a limpet to a rock. You will not easily get rid of him, unless you let him see that you understand and despise him."

"I see nothing despicable in him, and I am not going to insult him at your bidding," answered the widow, tremulous with anger. "I do not believe him to be a schemer or an adventurer. He is a gentleman by birth, education, profession. It is a supreme insolence on your part to speak of him as you do. What can you know of the world? How can you judge and measure a man like Captain Carmichael—a girl like you, hardly out of the nursery? It is too absurd. And understand at once and forever, Violet, that I will not be hectored or lectured in this manner, that I will not be dictated to, or taught what is good taste in my own house. This is to be my own house, you know, as long as I live."

"Yes, unless you give it a new master," said Violet, gravely. "Forgive me if I have been too vehement, mamma. It is my love that is bold. Whom have I in this world to love now except you? And when I see you in danger—when I see the softness of your nature— Dear mother, there are some instincts that are stronger than reason. There are some antipathies which are implanted in us for warnings. Remember what a happy life you led with my dear father—his goodness, his overflowing generosity, his noble heart. There is no man worthy to succeed him, to live in his house. Dear mother, for pity's sake—"

She was kneeling at her mother's feet, clinging to her hands, her voice half choked with sobs. Mrs. Tempest began to cry too.

"My dearest Violet, how can you be so foolish? My love, don't cry. I tell you that I shall never marry again—never. Not if I were asked to become a countess. My heart is true to your dear father; it always will be. I am almost sorry that I consented to these scarlet bows on my dress, but the feather trimming looked so heavy without them, and Theodore's eye for color is perfect. My dear child, be assured I shall carry his image with me to my grave."

"Dear mother, that is all I ask. Be as happy as you can, but be true to him. He was worthy to be loved for a lifetime; not to be put off with half a life, half a heart."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A new journal of popular science has been undertaken by Mr. S. E. Cassino, of Salem, and will be published fortnightly under the title of *Science News*. The form is octavo, with double columns, somewhat like the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is edited by Messrs. W. C. Wyckoff and Ernest Ingersoll, the former well known as the science editor for many years of the New York *Tribune*, the latter as having charge of the zoological department of the New York *Country* and other periodicals. The object is to make prompt announcements of all discoveries of physical and natural science, for which purpose arrangements have been made with many leading men of this country and Europe to furnish early information of their investigations.

Notices of books are included in the scope of the work, and a department of Notes and Queries will be added.

During the past few years the use of Persian or Dalmatian insect powder, prepared from the various species of pyrethrum, as *P. carneum* and *P. roseum*, for the purpose of destroying noxious insects, has greatly increased, and the product, estimated by pounds ten years ago, has since been raised to as many tons. The plant is related to the camomile. Extensive plantations are now cultivated in various parts of Europe, Germany especially; and quite recently a large industry in this connection has been established in California, the product of which proves peculiarly efficient, and will probably in time supersede the imported article.

The preparation, as occurring in the trade, is in the form of a fine yellowish powder, and is especially efficient in the destruction of roaches, bed-bugs, and ants. Burned so as to make a not unpleasant smudge, it stupefies the mosquitoes and flies in a room, and prevents their annoying the occupants. The precise nature of the influence exerted upon the insect world, while not affecting man in any manner, has been a problem. Professor Hager considers this to be due to two substances: the first, a body related to trimethylamine, present in the flowers of the plants in combination with an acid; and the other, the more important and active part, the resinous dust from the petals, together with the prickly pollen. The trimethylamine component is difficult of isolation, and has been hitherto obtained only in small quantities and associated with an acid. Moistening this with potash, and holding a fly over it, it exhibits convulsive motions. The dry powder appears to be more efficient than the tincture.

Professor Robert Harkness, occupying the chair of natural history in Queen's College, Cork, died on the 4th of October, at the age of fifty.

We not long ago announced the discovery of a second and perfect specimen of the fossil bird of Solenhofen, the *Archæopteryx*, and the fact that it had been sold by its discoverer for a round price. We are now informed that it was purchased by Dr. Folger for the Museum of the *Freie Deutsche Hochstift*, for the sum of nearly $9000—perhaps the highest price ever given for a specimen of natural history.

The annual report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, exhibiting its operations, expenditures, and condition for 1877, has been published by the government printer. This presents a satisfactory account of the work of the Institution, which bears so important a part in the scientific work of the day.

Among the more interesting components of the volume is a chronological list of the principal explorations, government and otherwise, 388 in number, from the year 1850 to 1877, that have contributed to the resources of the National Museum.

The most important article in the appendix is one upon color-blindness in its relations to accidents by rail and sea, translated from the Swedish, by Professor Holmgren. Numerous original communications in regard to the archæology of North America, from correspondents of the Smithsonian Institution, and the translation of a paper by Dr. A. Weismann on the change of the Mexican axolotl to an amblystoma, are also given, together with a number of short memoirs on meteorological subjects from foreign sources, translated by Professor Abbe.

Among other interesting discoveries made during the past summer in the fossils of Kansas is that of the epidermis of a large fossil lizard, believed to have been twenty-five feet in length. The body was covered with scales like those of a snake, the indications of which are perfect in their minutest feature. The scales are said to be a very little smaller than those of the prairie rattlesnake.

The waters in the vicinity of wharves and harbors where ballast is dumped from vessels have long been favorite collecting grounds for botanists, in view of the many species of exotic plants which are found growing in the neighborhood, some of which, from time to time, extend their boundaries far and wide, and become occasionally veritable pests. Some years ago Mr. Aubrey H. Smith, of Philadelphia, published a catalogue of the plants of this kind seen in the vicinity of that city, the number being subsequently increased by specimen-gatherers to 135 species. Mr. Mohr, of Mobile, found sixty-four species about the ballast grounds of Pensacola, and recent examination in the vicinity of New York furnishes the occasion for a communication to the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club. Some of the plants are supposed to have come from the seeds received in the city refuse, but a considerable portion are unquestionably from foreign ballast, the total number enumerated in this preliminary article by Mr. Addison Brown amounting to sixty-three species.

The process of mechanical refrigeration for the purpose of cooling beer and of preserving meats and vegetables is one to which increasing attention is being paid, as it has the great advantage of availability in tropical countries where ice can not be obtained, and where the operation of the conversion of water into ice for cooling purposes is far from economical. An additional advantage of these methods for preserving food is found in the fact that, whereas the atmosphere cooled by ice is, in most of the processes, saturated with moisture, so that, though there may be no actual putrefaction, there is a strong oxidation and acidification, in which the meats become sour and unfit for food, and a copious development of fungus growth is not unfrequently experienced, by the mechanical method the air is kept perfectly dry, and in much better condition for the accomplishment of the object in view.

Several French inventions, as those of Tellier and Carré, have been made use of, and with very considerable success, especially in bringing meats from Buenos Ayres. It has recently been announced, however, that the device of Messrs. Coleman & Bell, of Glasgow, marks a very important advance in the way of efficiency and economy of space, and gives reason to believe that before long it will be employed on a large scale in the fitting up of vessels now crossing the Atlantic with fresh meats.

The special feature of the apparatus consists in a series of air-compressing cylinders, with arrangements for cooling the compressed air by means of currents or jets of water, with devices for abstracting all the moisture from the air while in its condensed state. By the subsequent expansion of the air the atmosphere is rendered very dry and cold, and penetrates into every part of the room and through all the animal matter, keeping it at a moderate temperature, and for an indefinite period, the thermometer indicating generally from 34° to 37° F. Actual freezing is not considered desirable, although this can be accomplished if necessary.

It is supposed that by this process meats can be kept perfectly fresh and sound for at least six weeks. The apparatus occupies but little space—not more than one-fifth of the bulk of the ice that would be required for the same purpose. It is driven by means of a small engine of low power. In one experiment a quantity of American fresh beef, in quarters, was suspended in the refrigerating chamber, in the hot weather of the past summer, for a period of twelve days. This was subsequently cut up and exposed for sale, and was considered to be worth at least two cents per pound more than meat of the same quality kept by any other process.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Did you attend the church fair last night?" asked a minister of one of the male members of his congregation. "Yes, Sir." "I didn't see you there," said a sharp-eyed deacon; "I saw you by the outer door at closing-up time." "Well, I attended two of 'em home."

A kind father—a man well-to-do—took his sick son to the doctor last week, and told him if he could cure the boy for less than the cost of a funeral to go ahead, but if he couldn't, the youth must take his chances.

An appreciative mind can throw a world of pathos into a very ordinary statement. "Yes," said she, leaning over the fence, in communion with a neighbor, "she is dead. She died just as she had got torn up to clean house. It is terrible."

A Syracuse man calls his wife "Poor Rule," because she won't work more than one way, and usually not that.

"Take away woman," asks a writer, "and what would follow?" We would. Give us something hard next time.

Editors like brevity; but a man who was recently hanged in Indiana suited them too well. He made no remarks about heaven, but nodded to the preacher and said, "I'll see you later;" and then the drop fell.

Which is better, to die eating or di-et?

"Is this the Adams House?" asked a stranger of a Bostonian. "Yes," was the reply, "it's Adams's house until you get to the roof; then it's eaves."

The other night at a church fair a man insisted on being presented with a chromo because he found an oyster in a stew he ordered.

Some of the most conspicuous charms of young men nowadays are those on their watch chains.

Who said the seasons did not play euchre? Summer passes, and autumn makes it next.

Scene: *Restaurant.*

Tramp (*after finishing a hearty meal, to proprietor*). "Well, Sir, I am ready."

Proprietor. "Ready! what for?"

Tramp (*placidly*). "Ready to be kicked out, Sir."

[Tableau.

Why will a man insist on straightening an invisible pin when he knows that it always straightens him instead?

The Washington Capital was evidently driven to extremities when it said, "A foot should be waked up at once, because the sole that slumbereth is in danger of finding torment at the last."

A French paper reports a murder trial in which a witness testified that he heard two pistol-shots on the staircase and sent his wife to see what was the matter. "You did not go up stairs yourself?" "No, Sir; I was afraid of the revolver."

We are most paradoxical creatures. We use blotting-paper to keep from blotting paper.

"Find out your child's specialty," is the urgent advice of a phrenologist. A Boston man says: "We have tried this, and find it not so easy. Sometimes rock-candy seems to be the favorite, and then again there is a marked tendency to taffy."

A gentleman in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained. "Why, Sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roosting on our fence two nights. So dis morning I seize him for de rent ob de fence."

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

BETWEEN that portion of Afghanistan occupied by the British and the territories of the Ameer there is a long line of independent tribes occupying the mountainous ranges which form the northwestern barrier. Adjoining the Peshawur Valley there are the Gaduns, Buneerwals, Swatees, Utman Kheyls, Momunds, and Afreedees, numbering some 80,000 fighting men. Further down the frontier, near to Banoo and Dera Ismail Khan, there are the Orukzais, Zaimoshtees, Turees, and Wazeerees, who can muster at least another 80,000. These men are armed with matchlocks, pistols, swords, and knives, and being used to hill warfare, will be a powerful auxiliary to that side with which they cast in their lot. Every effort was made by Generals BROWNE and ROBERTS to induce these warlike tribes to join the British standard, and some of the leading tribes took part with the British troops in their recent advance, which is described in our Supplement. Our double-page illustration shows the gathering of these tribes previous to the forward movement.

NAUGHTY.

SOMEBODY'S lips were close to mine;
Thus tempted I couldn't resist.
Roguish and rosy, a sweet little mouth
Was suddenly softly kissed.

Somebody's eyes looked up and frowned
With such a reproving glance.
"If kisses were wicked?" I asked my pet;
Then the eyes began to dance.

And smiling, the little maid answered,
As I knelt there at her feet:
"They must be a little bit naughty,
Or they never would be so sweet."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

"HE BELONGS TO THE TAME-CAT SPECIES."

LIFE went on smoothly enough at the Abbey House after that evening. Violet tried to make herself happy among the surroundings of her childhood, petted the horses, drove her basket-carriage with the favorite old pony, went among the villagers, rode her thorough-bred bay for long wild explorations of the forest and neighboring country, looked with longing eyes sometimes at the merry groups riding to the meet, and went her lonely way with a heavy heart. No more hunting for her. She could not hunt alone, and she had declined all friendly offers of escort. It would have seemed a treason against her beloved dead to ride across country by any one else's side.

Every one had called at the Abbey House and welcomed Mrs. Tempest and her daughter back to Hampshire. They had been asked to a kettle-drum at Ellangowan Park, to see the marvellous orchid. They had been invited to half a dozen dinner parties.

Violet tried her utmost to persuade her mother that it was much too soon after her father's death to think of visiting.

"My dear Violet," cried the widow, "after going to that ball at Brighton, we could not possibly decline invitations here. It would be an insult to our friends. If we had not gone to the ball—"

"We ought not to have gone," exclaimed Vixen.

"My love, you should have said so at the time."

"Mamma, you know I was strongly against it."

Mrs. Tempest shrugged her shoulders, as who should say, "This is too much!"

"I know your dress cost a small fortune, and that you danced every waltz, Violet," she answered; "that is about all I do know."

"Very well, mamma, let us accept all the invitations. Let us be as merry as grigs. Perhaps it will make papa happier in paradise to know how happy we are without him. He won't be troubled by any uneasy thoughts about our grief, at all events," added Vixen, with a stifled sob.

"How irreverently you talk! Mr. Scobel would be dreadfully shocked to hear you," said Mrs. Tempest.

The invitations were all accepted, and Mrs. Tempest was in a flutter about her dresses for the rest of the winter. She was very particular as to the exact shade of silver-gray or lavender which might be allowed to relieve the sombre mass of black, and would spend a whole morning in discussing the propriety of a knot of scarlet ribbon or a border of gold passementerie.

They went to Ellangowan Park and did homage to the wonderful orchid, and discussed Roderick's engagement to the duke's only daughter. Every body said that it was Lady Jane's doing, and there were some who almost implied that she had died on purpose to bring about the happy conjuncture. Violet was able to talk quite pleasantly about the marriage, and to agree with every body's praises of Lady Mabel's beauty, elegance, good style, and general perfection.

Christmas and the New-Year went by, not altogether sadly. It is not easy for youth to be full of sorrow. The clouds come and go; there are always glimpses of sunshine. Violet was grateful for the kindness that greeted her every where among her old friends, and perhaps a little glad of the evident admiration her beauty awakened in all circles. Life was just tolerable, after all. She thought of Roderick Vawdrey as of something belonging to the past; something which had no part, never would have any part, in her future life. He too was dead and passed away, like her father. Lady Mabel's husband, the master of Briarwood *in esse* and of Ashbourne *in posse*, was quite a different being from the rough lad with whom she had played at battledoor and shuttlecock, billiards, croquet, and prisoner's-base.

Early in February Mrs. Tempest informed her daughter that she was going to give a dinner.

"It will seem very dreadful without dearest Edward," she said; "but of course, having accepted hospitalities, we are bound to return them."

"Do you really think we ought to burst out into dinner parties so soon, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, as we accepted the dinners. If we had not gone, it would have been different."

"Ah," sighed Vixen, "I suppose it all began with that ball at Brighton, like 'Man's first disobedience, and the fruit—'"

"I shall miss poor M'Croke to fill in the invitation cards."

"Let me do it, mamma. I can write a decent hand. That is one of the few lady-like accomplishments I have been able to master; and even that is open to objection as being too masculine."

"If you would slope more, Violet, and make your up-strokes finer, and not cross your T's so undeviatingly," Mrs. Tempest murmured, amiably. "A lady's T ought to be less pronounced. There is something too assertive in your consonants."

Violet wrote the cards. The dinner was to be quite a grand affair. Three weeks' notice, and a French cook from the Dolphin at Southampton to take the conduct of affairs in the kitchen; whereby the Abbey House cook declared afterward that there was nothing that Frenchman did which she could not have done as well, and that his wastefulness was enough to make a Christian woman's hair stand on end.

Three days before the dinner, Vixen, riding Arion home through the shrubbery after a long morning in the forest, was startled by the vision of a dog-cart a few yards in front of her—a cart which, at the first glance, she concluded must belong to Roderick Vawdrey. The wheels were red, the horse had a rakish air, the light vehicle swung from side to side as it span around the curve.

No, that slim figure, that neat waist, that military air, did not belong to Roderick Vawdrey.

"He here!" ejaculated Vixen, inwardly, with infinite disgust. "I hoped we had seen the last of him."

She had been out for two hours and a half, and felt that Arion had done quite enough, or she would have turned her horse's head and gone back to the forest in order to avoid this unwelcome visitor.

"I only hope mamma won't encourage him to come here," she thought; "but I'm afraid that smooth tongue of his has too much influence over her. And I haven't even poor Crokey to stand by me. I shall feel like a bird transfixed by the wicked green eyes of a velvet-pawed murdering cat.

"And I have not a friend in the world," she thought. "Plenty of pleasant acquaintance, ready to simper at me and pay me compliments because I am Miss Tempest of the Abbey House, but not one honest friend to stand by me, and turn that man out of doors. How dare he come here? I thought I spoke plainly enough that night at Brighton."

She rode slowly up to the house, slipped lightly out of her saddle, and led her horse round to the stables, just as she had led the pony in her happy childish days. The bright thorough-bred bay was as fond of her as if he had been a dog, and as tame. She stood by his manger caressing him while he ate his corn, and feeling very safe from Captain Carmichael's society in the sweet clover-scented stable.

She dawdled away half an hour in this manner before she went back to the house and ran up to her dressing-room.

"If mamma sends for me now, I sha'n't be able to go down," she thought. "He can hardly stay more than an hour. Oh, horror! he is a tea-drinker; mamma will persuade him to stop till five o'clock."

Violet dawdled over her change of dress as she had dawdled in the stable. She had never been more particular about her hair.

"I'll have it all taken down, Phœbe," she told her abigail; "I'm in no hurry."

"But really, miss, it's beautiful—"

"Nonsense—after a windy ride. Don't be lazy, Phœbe. You may give my hair a good brushing while I read."

A tap at the door came at this moment, and Phœbe ran to open it.

"Mrs. Tempest wishes Miss Tempest to come down to the drawing-room directly," said a voice in the corridor.

"There now, miss," cried Phœbe, "how lucky I didn't take your hair down! It never was nicer."

Violet put on her black dress, costly and simple as the attire Polonius recommended to his son. Mrs. Tempest might relieve her costume with what bright or delicate hues she liked. Violet had worn nothing but black since her father's death. Her sole ornaments were a pair of black ear-rings, and a large black enamel locket with one big diamond shining in the middle of it like an eye. This locket held the squire's portrait, and his daughter wore it constantly.

The Louis Quatorze clock on the staircase struck five as Violet went down.

"Of course he is staying for tea," she thought, with an impatient shrug of her shoulders. "He belongs to the tame-cat species, and has an inexhaustible flow of gossip, spiced with mild malevolence. The kind of frivolous ill nature which says: 'I would not do any one harm for the world, but one may as well think the worst of every body.'"

Yes, kettle-drum was in full swing. Mrs. Scobel had come over from her tiny vicarage for half an hour's chat, and was sitting opposite her hostess's fire, while Captain Carmichael lounged with his back to the canopied chimney-piece, and looked benignantly down upon the two ladies. The Queen Anne kettle was hissing merrily over its spirit-lamp, the perfume of the pekoe was delicious, the logs blazed cheerily in the low fireplace with its shining brass andirons. Not a repulsive picture, assuredly; yet Vixen came slowly toward this charmed circle, looking black as thunder.

Captain Carmichael hurried forward to receive her.

"How do you do?" she said, as stiffly as a child brought down to the drawing-room bristling in newly brushed hair and a best frock; and then turning to her mother, she asked, curtly, "What did you want with me, mamma?"

"It was Captain Carmichael who asked to see you, my dear. Won't you have some tea?"

"Thanks, no," said Vixen, seating herself in a corner between Mrs. Scobel and the mantel-piece, and beginning to talk about the schools.

Conrad Carmichael gave her a curious look from under his dark brows, and then went on talking to her mother. He seemed hardly disconcerted by her rudeness.

"Yes, I assure you, if it hadn't been for the harriers, Brighton would have been unbearable after you left," he said. "I went over to Paris directly the frost set in. But I don't wonder you were anxious to come back to such a lovely old place as this."

"I felt it a duty to come back," said Mrs. Tempest, with a pious air. "But it was very sad at first. I never felt so unhappy in my life. I am getting more reconciled now. Time softens all griefs."

"Yes," said the captain, in a louder tone than before, "Time is a clever horse. There is nothing he won't beat, if you know how to ride him."

"You'll take some tea?" insinuated Mrs. Tempest, her attention absorbed by the silver kettle, which was just now conducting itself as spitfireishly as any blackened block-tin on a kitchen hob.

"I can never resist it. And perhaps after tea you will be so good as to give me the treat you talked about just now."

"To show you the house?" said Mrs. Tempest. "Do you think we shall have light enough?"

"Abundance. An old house like this is seen at its best in the twilight. Don't you think so, Mrs. Scobel?"

"Oh yes," exclaimed Mrs. Scobel, with a lively recollection of her album. "'They who would see Melrose aright should see it'—I think, by-the-bye, Sir Walter Scott says, 'by moonlight.'"

"Yes, for an ancient Gothic abbey; but twilight is better for a Tudor manor-house. Are you sure it will not fatigue you?" inquired the captain, with an air of solicitude, as Mrs. Tempest rose languidly.

"No; I shall be very pleased to show you the dear old place. It is full of sad associations, of course, but I do not allow my mind to dwell upon them more than I can help."

"No," cried Vixen, bitterly. "We go to dinner parties and kettle-drums, and go into raptures about orchids and old china, and try to cure our broken hearts that way."

"Are you coming, Violet?" asked her mother, sweetly.

"No, thanks, mamma. I am tired after my ride. Mrs. Scobel will help you to play cicerone."

Captain Carmichael left the room without so much as a look at Violet Tempest. Yet her rude reception had galled him more than any cross that Fate had lately inflicted upon him. He had fancied that time would have softened her feelings toward him, that rural seclusion and the society of rustic nobodies would have made him appear at an advantage, that she would have welcomed the brightness and culture of metropolitan life in his person. He had hoped a great deal from the lapse of time since their last meeting. But this sullen reception, this silent expression of dislike, told him that Violet Tempest's aversion was a plant of deep root.

"The first woman who ever disliked me," he thought. "No wonder that she interests me more than other women. She is like that chestnut mare that threw me six times before I got the better of her. Yet she proved the best horse I ever had, and I rode her till she hadn't a leg to stand upon, and then sold her for twice the money she cost me. There are two conquests a man can make over a woman—one to make her love him, the other—"

"That suit of chain-armor was worn by Sir Gilbert Tempest at Acre," said the widow. "The plate-armor belonged to Sir Percy, who was killed at Barnet. Each of them was knighted before he was five-and-twenty years old for prowess in the field. The portrait over the chimney-piece is the celebrated Judge Tempest, who was famous for— Well, he did something wonderful, I know. Perhaps Mrs. Scobel remembers," concluded Mrs. Tempest, feebly.

"It was at the trial of the seven bishops," suggested the vicar's wife.

"In the time of Queen Elizabeth," assented Mrs. Tempest. "That one with the lace cravat and steel breastplate was an admiral in Charles the Second's reign, and was made a baronet after the repulse of the Dutch fleet at Flushing. The baronetcy died with his son, who left only daughters. The eldest married a Mr. Percival, who took the name of Tempest, and sat for the borough of— Perhaps Mrs. Scobel knows. I have such a bad memory for these things, though I have heard my dear husband talk about them so often."

Captain Carmichael looked round the great oak-panelled hall dreamily, and heard very little of Mrs. Tempest's vague prattling about her husband's ancestors.

What a lovely old place! he was thinking. A house that would give a man importance in the land, supported, as it was, by an estate bringing in something between five and six thousand a year. How much military distinction, how many battles, must a soldier win before he could make himself master of such a fortune!

"And it needed but for that girl to like me, and a little gold ring would have given me the freehold of it all," thought Conrad Carmichael, bitterly.

How many penniless girls, or girls with fortunes so far beneath the measure of a fine gentleman's needs as to be useless, had been over head and ears in love with the elegant captain! how many pretty girls had tempted him by their beauty and winsomeness to be false to his grand principle that marriage meant promotion! And here was an obstinate minx who would have realized all his aims, and whom he felt himself able to love to distraction into the bargain, and, behold! some adverse devil had entered into her mind and made Conrad Carmichael hateful to her.

"It's like witchcraft," he said to himself. "Why should this one woman be different from all other women? Perhaps it's the color. That ruddy auburn hair, the loveliest I ever saw, means temper. But I conquered the chestnut, and I'll conquer Miss Tempest—or make her smart for it."

"A handsome music-gallery, is it not?" said the widow. "The carved balustrade is generally admired."

Then they went into the dining-room, and looked at about a dozen large dingy pictures of the Italian school, which a man who knew any thing about art would have condemned at a glance. Fine examples of brown varnish, all of them. Thence to the library, lined with books, which nobody had opened for a generation—Livy, Gibbon, Hume, Burke, Smollett, Plutarch, Thomson. These sages, clad in shiny brown leather and gilding, made as good a lining for the walls as any thing else, and gave an air of snugness to the room in which the family dined when there was no company. They came presently to the squire's den, at the end of a corridor.

"That was my dear husband's study," sighed Mrs. Tempest. "It looks south, into the rose garden, and is one of the prettiest rooms in the house. But we keep it locked, and I think Violet has the key."

"Pray don't let Miss Tempest be disturbed. I have seen quite enough to know what a delightful house you have—all the interest of days that are gone, all the luxuries of to-day. I think that blending of past and present is most fascinating. I should never be a severe restorer of antiquity, or refuse to sit in a chair that wasn't undeniably Gothic."

"Ah," sighed the vicar's wife, who was an advanced disciple in the school of Eastlake, "but don't you think every thing should be in harmony? If I were as rich as Mrs. Tempest, I wouldn't have so much as a tea-pot that was not strictly Tudor."

"Then I'm afraid you'd have to go without a tea-pot, and drink your tea out of a tankard," retorted Captain Carmichael.

"At any rate, I would be as Tudor as I could be."

"And not have a brass bedstead, a spring mattress, or a coal-scuttle in your house," said the captain. "My dear madam, it is all very well to be mediæval in matters ecclesiastic, but home comforts must not be suppressed in the pursuit of the æsthetic, or a modern luxury discarded because it looks like an anachronism."

Mrs. Scobel was delighted with Captain Carmichael. He was just the kind of man to succeed in a rustic community. His quiet self-assurance set other people at their ease. He carried with him an air of life and movement, as if he were the patentee of a new pleasure.

"My husband would be so pleased to see you at the vicarage, if you are staying any time in the neighborhood," she said.

But after this little gush of friendliness she reflected that there could not be much sympathy between the man of society and her Anglican parson; and that it was she, and not Ignatius Scobel, who would be glad to see Captain Carmichael at the vicarage.

"I shall be charmed," he replied. "I never was so delighted with any place as your Forest. It is a new world to me. I hate myself for having lived in England so long without knowing this beautiful corner of the land. I am staying with my old chief, Colonel Pryke, at Warham Court, and I am only here for a few days."

"But you are coming to my dinner party?" said Mrs. Tempest.

"That is a pleasure I can not deny myself."

"And you will come and see our church and schools?" said Mrs. Scobel.

"I shall be more than pleased. I passed your pretty little church, I think, on my way here. There was a tin tea—a bell ringing—"

"For vespers," explained Mrs. Scobel.

The exploration of the house took a long time, conducted in this somewhat desultory and dawdling manner; but the closing in of night and the sound of the dinner gong gave the signal for Captain Carmichael's departure.

Mrs. Tempest would have liked to ask him to dinner; but she had an idea that Violet might make herself objectionable, and refrained from this exercise of hospitality. He was coming to the great dinner. He would see her dress with the feather trimming, which was really prettier than Worth's masterpiece, or, at any rate, newer, though it only came from Madame Theodore, of Bruton Street. Sustained by this reflection, she parted with him quite cheerfully.

CHAPTER XIII.

"HE WAS WORTHY TO BE LOVED FOR A LIFETIME."

CONRAD CARMICHAEL had come to the New Forest with his mind resolved upon one of two things. He meant to marry Violet Tempest, or her mother. If the case was quite hopeless with the daughter, he would content himself with winning the lesser prize; and though Vanity whispered that there was no woman living he might not win for himself if he chose to be sufficiently patient and per

severing, instinct told him that Violet frankly detested him.

"After all," argued Worldly Wisdom, "the alternative is not to be despised. The widow is somewhat rococo—an old-fashioned jewel kept in cotton-wool, and brought out on occasions to shine with a factitious brilliancy—but she is still pretty. She is ductile, amiable, weak to a degree that promises a husband the sovereign dominion. Why break your heart for this fair devil of a daughter, who looks capable, if offended, of any thing in the way of revenge, from a horsewhip to slow poison? Are a pair of brown eyes and a coronal of red gold hair worth all this wasted passion?"

"But the daughter is the greater catch," urged Ambition. "The dowager's jointure is well enough, and she has the Abbey House and gardens for her life, but Violet will be mistress of the estate when she comes of age. As Violet's husband, your position would be infinitely better than it could be as her step-father. Unhappily, the cantankerous minx has taken it into her head to dislike you."

"Stay!" interjected the bland voice of Vanity; "may not this dislike be only an assumption, a mask for some deeper feeling? There are girls who show their love in that way. Do not be in a hurry to commit yourself to the mother until you have made yourself quite sure about the daughter."

Mrs. Tempest's dinner party was a success. It introduced Captain Carmichael to all that was best in the surrounding society; for although in Switzerland he had seemed very familiar with the best people in the Forest, in Hampshire he appeared almost a stranger to them. It was generally admitted, however, that the captain was an acquisition and a person to be cultivated. He sang a French comic song almost as well as Monsieur De Roseau, recited a short American poem, which nobody had ever heard before, with telling force. He was at home upon every subject, from orchids to steam-ploughs, from ordnance to light literature. A man who sang so well, talked so well, looked so well, and behaved so well could not be otherwise than welcome in county society. Before the evening was over Captain Carmichael had been offered three hunters for the next day's run, and had been asked to write in four albums.

Violet did not honor him with so much as a look after the one cold recognition of his first appearance in the drawing-room. It was a party of more than twenty people, and she was able to keep out of his way without obvious avoidance of him. He was stung, but had no right to be offended.

He took Mrs. Scobel in to dinner, and Mrs. Scobel played the accompaniment of his song, being a clever little woman, able to turn her hand to any thing. He would have preferred to be told off to some more important matron, but was not sorry to be taken under Mrs. Scobel's wing. She would be useful to him, no doubt, in the future—a social Iris, to fetch and carry for him between Beechdale and the Abbey House.

"Do you know that I am quite in love with your Forest?" he said to Mrs. Tempest, standing in front of the ottoman where that lady sat with two of her particular friends—"so much so that I am actually in treaty for Captain Hawbuck's cottage, and mean to stay here till the end of the hunting."

Every body knew Captain Hawbuck's cottage—a verandaed box of a house on the slope of the hill above Beechdale.

"I'm afraid you'll find the drawing-room chimney smoke," said a lady in sea-green. "Poor Mrs. Hawbuck was a martyr to that chimney."

"What does a bachelor want with a drawing-room? If there is one sitting-room in which I can burn a good fire, I shall be satisfied. The stable is in very fair order."

"The Hawbucks kept a pony-carriage," assented the sea-green lady.

"If Mrs. Hawbuck accepts my offer, I shall send for my horses next week," said the captain.

Mrs. Tempest blushed. Her life had flowed in so gentle and placid a current that the freshness of her soul had not worn off, and at nine-and-thirty she was able to blush. There was something so significant in Captain Carmichael's desire to establish himself at Beechdale that she could not help feeling fluttered by the fact. It might be on Violet's account, of course, that he came; yet Violet and he had never got on very well together.

"Poor fellow!" she thought, blandly; "if he for a moment supposes that any thing would tempt me to marry again, he is egregiously mistaken."

And then she looked round the lovely old room, brightened by a crowd of well-dressed people, and thought that next to being Edward Tempest's wife, the best thing in life was to be Edward Tempest's widow.

"Dear Edward!" she mused; "how strange that we should miss him so little to-night!"

It had been with every one as if the squire had never lived. Politeness exacted this ignoring of the past, no doubt; but the thing had been so easily done! The noble presence, the jovial laugh, the friendly smile, were gone, and no one seemed conscious of the void—no one but Violet, who looked round the room once, when conversation was liveliest, with a pale, indignant face, resenting this forgetfulness.

"I wish papa's ghost would come in at that door and scare his hollow-hearted friends," she said to herself; and she felt as if it would hardly have been a surprise to her to see the door open slowly and that familiar figure appear.

"Well, Violet," Mrs. Tempest said, sweetly, when the guests were gone, "how do you think it all went off?"

"It" of course meant the dinner party.

"I suppose, according to the nature of such things, it was all right and proper," Vixen answered, coldly; "but I should think it must have been intensely painful to you, mamma."

Mrs. Tempest sighed. She had always a large selection of sighs in stock, suitable to every occasion.

"I should have felt it much worse if I had sat in my old place," she said; "but sitting at the middle of the table instead of at the end made it less painful. And I really think it's better style. How did you like the new arrangement of the glasses?"

"I didn't notice any thing new."

"My dear Violet, you are frightfully unobservant."

"No, I am not," answered Vixen, quickly. "My eyes are keen enough, believe me."

Mrs. Tempest felt uncomfortable. She began to think that, after all, it might be a comfortable thing to have a companion—as a fender between herself and Violet. A perpetually present Miss Jones or Smith would ward off these unpleasantnesses.

There are occasions, however, on which a position must be faced boldly—in proverbial phrase, the bull must be taken by the horns. And here, Mrs. Tempest felt, was a bull which must be so encountered. She knew that her poor little hands were too feeble for the office; but she told herself that she must make the heroic attempt.

"Violet, why have you such a rooted dislike to Captain Carmichael?"

"Why is my hair the color it is, mamma, or why are my eyes brown instead of blue? If you could answer my question, I might be able to answer yours. Nature made me what I am, and nature has implanted a hatred of Captain Carmichael in my mind."

"Do you not think it wrong to hate any one—the very word hate was considered unladylike when I was a girl—without cause?"

"I have cause to hate him, good cause, sufficient cause. I hate all self-seekers and adventurers."

"You have no right to call him one or the other."

"Have I not? What brings him here but the pursuit of his own interest? Why does he plant himself at our door as if he were come to besiege a town? Do you mean to say, mamma, that you can be so blind as not to see what he wants?"

"He has come for the hunting."

"Yes, but not to hunt our foxes or our stags. He wants a rich wife, mamma. And he thinks that you or I will be foolish enough to marry him."

"There would be nothing unnatural in his entertaining some idea of that kind about you," replied Mrs. Tempest, with a sudden assertion of matronly pride. "But for him to think of me in that light would be too absurd. I must be some years—perhaps four or five years—his senior, to begin with."

"Oh, he would forgive you that; he would not mind that."

"And he ought to know that I should never dream of marrying again."

"He ought, if he had any idea of what is right and noble in a woman," answered Vixen. "But he has not. He has no ideas that do not begin and end in himself and his own advantage. He sees you here with a handsome house, a good income, and he thinks that he can persuade you to marry him."

"Volet, you must know that I shall never marry."

"I hope I do know it. But the world ought to know it too. People ought not to be allowed to whisper and smile and look significant, as I saw some of them do to-night when Captain Carmichael was hanging over your chair. You ought not to encourage him, mamma. It is a treason against my father to have that man here."

Here was a bull that required prompt and severe handling, but Mrs. Tempest felt her powers inadequate to the effort.

"I am surprised at you, Violet!" she exclaimed: "as if I did not know as well as you what is due to my poor Edward—as if I should do any thing to compromise my own dignity. Is it to encourage a man to ask him to a dinner party when he happens to be visiting in the neighborhood? Can I forbid Captain Carmichael to take the Hawbucks' cottage?"

"No; you have gone too far already. You gave him too much encouragement in Switzerland and at Brighton. He has attached himself to us like a limpet to a rock. You will not easily get rid of him, unless you let him see that you understand and despise him."

"I see nothing despicable in him, and I am not going to insult him at your bidding," answered the widow, tremulous with anger. "I do not believe him to be a schemer or an adventurer. He is a gentleman by birth, education, profession. It is a supreme insolence on your part to speak of him as you do. What can you know of the world? How can you judge and measure a man like Captain Carmichael—a girl like you, hardly out of the nursery? It is too absurd. And understand at once and forever, Violet, that I will not be hectored or lectured in this manner, that I will not be dictated to, or taught what is good taste in my own house. This is to be my own house, you know, as long as I live."

"Yes, unless you give it a new master," said Violet, gravely. "Forgive me if I have been too vehement, mamma. It is my love that is bold. Whom have I in this world to love now except you? And when I see you in danger—when I see the softness of your nature— Dear mother, there are some instincts that are stronger than reason. There are some antipathies which are implanted in us for warnings. Remember what a happy life you led with my dear father—his goodness, his overflowing generosity, his noble heart. There is no man worthy to succeed him, to live in his house. Dear mother, for pity's sake—"

She was kneeling at her mother's feet, clinging to her hands, her voice half choked with sobs. Mrs. Tempest began to cry too.

"My dearest Violet, how can you be so foolish? My love, don't cry. I tell you that I shall never marry again—never. Not if I were asked to become a countess. My heart is true to your dear father; it always will be. I am almost sorry that I consented to these scarlet bows on my dress, but the feather trimming looked so heavy without them, and Theodore's eye for color is perfect. My dear child, be assured I shall carry his image with me to my grave."

"Dear mother, that is all I ask. Be as happy as you can, but be true to him. He was worthy to be loved for a lifetime; not to be put off with half a life, half a heart."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW journal of popular science has been undertaken by Mr. S. E. CASSINO, of Salem, and will be published fortnightly under the title of *Science News*. The form is octavo, with double columns, somewhat like the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is edited by Messrs. W. C. WYCKOFF and ERNEST INGERSOLL, the former well known as the science editor for many years of the New York *Tribune*, the latter as having charge of the zoological department of the New York *Country* and other periodicals. The object is to make prompt announcements of all discoveries of physical and natural science, for which purpose arrangements have been made with many leading men of this country and Europe to furnish early information of their investigations.

Notices of books are included in the scope of the work, and a department of Notes and Queries will be added.

During the past few years the use of Persian or Dalmatian insect powder, prepared from the various species of pyrethrum, as *P. carneum* and *P. roseum*, for the purpose of destroying noxious insects, has greatly increased, and the product, estimated by pounds ten years ago, has since been raised to as many tons. The plant is related to the camomile. Extensive plantations are now cultivated in various parts of Europe, Germany especially; and quite recently a large industry in this connection has been established in California, the product of which proves peculiarly efficient, and will probably in time supersede the imported article.

The preparation, as occurring in the trade, is in the form of a fine yellowish powder, and is especially efficient in the destruction of roaches, bed-bugs, and ants. Burned so as to make a not unpleasant smudge, it stupefies the mosquitoes and flies in a room, and prevents their annoying the occupants. The precise nature of the influence exerted upon the insect world, while not affecting man in any manner, has been a problem. Professor HAGER considers this to be due to two substances: the first, a body related to trimethylamine, present in the flowers of the plants in combination with an acid; and the other, the more important and active part, the resinous dust from the petals, together with the prickly pollen. The trimethylamine component is difficult of isolation, and has been hitherto obtained only in small quantities and associated with an acid. Moistening this with potash, and holding a fly over it, it exhibits convulsive motions. The dry powder appears to be more efficient than the tincture.

Professor ROBERT HARKNESS, occupying the chair of natural history in Queen's College, Cork, died on the 4th of October, at the age of fifty.

We not long ago announced the discovery of a second and perfect specimen of the fossil bird of Solenhofen, the *Archæopteryx*, and the fact that it had been sold by its discoverer for a round price. We are now informed that it was purchased by Dr. FOLGER for the Museum of the *Freie Deutsche Hochstift*, for the sum of nearly $9000—perhaps the highest price ever given for a specimen of natural history.

The annual report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, exhibiting its operations, expenditures, and condition for 1877, has been published by the government printer. This presents a satisfactory account of the work of the Institution, which bears so important a part in the scientific work of the day.

Among the more interesting components of the volume is a chronological list of the principal explorations, government and otherwise, 248 in number, from the year 1850 to 1877, that have contributed to the resources of the National Museum.

The most important article in the appendix is one upon color-blindness in its relations to accidents by rail and sea, translated from the Swedish, by Professor HOLMGREN. Numerous original communications in regard to the archæology of North America, from correspondents of the Smithsonian Institution, and the translation of a paper by Dr. A. WEISMANN on the change of the Mexican axolotl to an amblystoma, are also given, together with a number of short memoirs on meteorological subjects from foreign sources, translated by Professor ABBE.

Among other interesting discoveries made during the past summer in the fossils of Kansas is that of the epidermis of a large fossil lizard, believed to have been twenty-five feet in length. The body was covered with scales like those of a snake, the indications of which are perfect in their minutest feature. The scales are said to be a very little smaller than those of the prairie rattlesnake.

The waters in the vicinity of wharves and harbors where ballast is dumped from vessels have long been favorite collecting grounds for botanists, in view of the many species of exotic plants which are found growing in the neighborhood, some of which, from time to time, extend their boundaries far and wide, and become occasionally veritable pests. Some years ago Mr. AUBREY H. SMITH, of Philadelphia, published a catalogue of the plants of this kind seen in the vicinity of that city, the number being subsequently increased by specimen-gatherers to 135 species. Mr. MOHR, of Mobile, found sixty-four species about the ballast grounds of Pensacola, and recent examination in the vicinity of New York furnishes the occasion for a communication to the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club. Some of the plants are supposed to have come from the seeds received in the city refuse, but a considerable portion are unquestionably from foreign ballast, the total number enumerated in this preliminary article by Mr. ADDISON BROWN amounting to sixty-three species.

The process of mechanical refrigeration for the purpose of cooling beer and of preserving meats and vegetables is one to which increasing attention is being paid, as it has the great advantage of availability in tropical countries where ice can not be obtained, and where the operation of the conversion of water into ice for cooling purposes is far from economical. An additional advantage of these methods for preserving food is found in the fact that, whereas the atmosphere cooled by ice is, in most of the processes, saturated with moisture, so that, though there may be no actual putrefaction, there is a strong oxidation and acidification, in which the meats become sour and unfit for food, and a copious development of fungus growth is not unfrequently experienced, by the mechanical method the air is kept perfectly dry, and in much better condition for the accomplishment of the object in view.

Several French inventions, as those of TELLIER and CARRÉ, have been made use of, and with very considerable success, especially in bringing meats from Buenos Ayres. It has recently been announced, however, that the device of Messrs. COLEMAN & BELL, of Glasgow, marks a very important advance in the way of efficiency and economy of space, and gives reason to believe that before long it will be employed on a large scale in the fitting up of vessels now crossing the Atlantic with fresh meats.

The special feature of the apparatus consists in a series of air-compressing cylinders, with arrangements for cooling the compressed air by means of currents or jets of water, with devices for abstracting all the moisture from the air while in its condensed state. By the subsequent expansion of the air the atmosphere is rendered very dry and cold, and penetrates into every part of the room and through all the animal matter, keeping it at a moderate temperature, and for an indefinite period, the thermometer indicating generally from 34° to 37° F. Actual freezing is not considered desirable, although this can be accomplished if necessary.

It is supposed that by this process meats can be kept perfectly fresh and sound for at least six weeks. The apparatus occupies but little space—not more than one-fifth of the bulk of the ice that would be required for the same purpose. It is driven by means of a small engine of low power. In one experiment a quantity of American fresh beef, in quarters, was suspended in the refrigerating chamber, in the hot weather of the past summer, for a period of twelve days. This was subsequently cut up and exposed for sale, and was considered to be worth at least two cents per pound more than meat of the same quality kept by any other process.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"DID you attend the church fair last night?" asked a minister of one of the male members of his congregation. "Yes, Sir." "I didn't see you there," said a sharp-eyed deacon; "I saw you by the outer door at closing-up time." "Well, I attended two of 'em home."

A kind father—a man well-to-do—took his sick son to the doctor last week, and told him if he could cure the boy for less than the cost of a funeral to go ahead, but if he couldn't, the youth must take his chances.

An appreciative mind can throw a world of pathos into a very ordinary statement. "Yes," said she, leaning over the fence, in communion with a neighbor, "she is dead. She died just as she had got torn up to clean house. It is terrible."

A Syracuse man calls his wife "Poor Rule," because she won't work more than one way, and usually not that.

"Take away woman," asks a writer, "and what would follow?" We would. Give us something hard next time.

Editors like brevity; but a man who was recently hanged in Indiana suited them too well. He made no remarks about heaven, but nodded to the preacher and said, "I'll see you later;" and then the drop fell.

Which is better, to die eating or di-et?

"Is this the Adams House?" asked a stranger of a Bostonian. "Yes," was the reply, "it's Adam's house until you get to the roof; then it's eaves."

The other night at a church fair a man insisted on being presented with a chromo because he found an oyster in a stew he ordered.

Some of the most conspicuous charms of young men nowadays are those on their watch chains.

Who said the seasons did not play euchre? Summer passes, and autumn makes it next.

SCENE: *Restaurant.*

TRAMP (*after finishing a hearty meal, to proprietor*). "Well, Sir, I am ready."

PROPRIETOR. "Ready! what for?"

TRAMP (*placidly*). "Ready to be kicked out, Sir."

[*Tableau.*

Why will a man insist on straightening an invisible pin when he knows that it always straightens him instead?

The Washington *Capital* was evidently driven to extremities when it said, "A foot should be waked up at once, because the sole that slumbereth is in danger of finding torment at the last."

A French paper reports a murder trial in which a witness testified that he heard two pistol-shots on the staircase and sent his wife to see what was the matter. "You did not go up stairs yourself?" "No, Sir; I was afraid of the revolver."

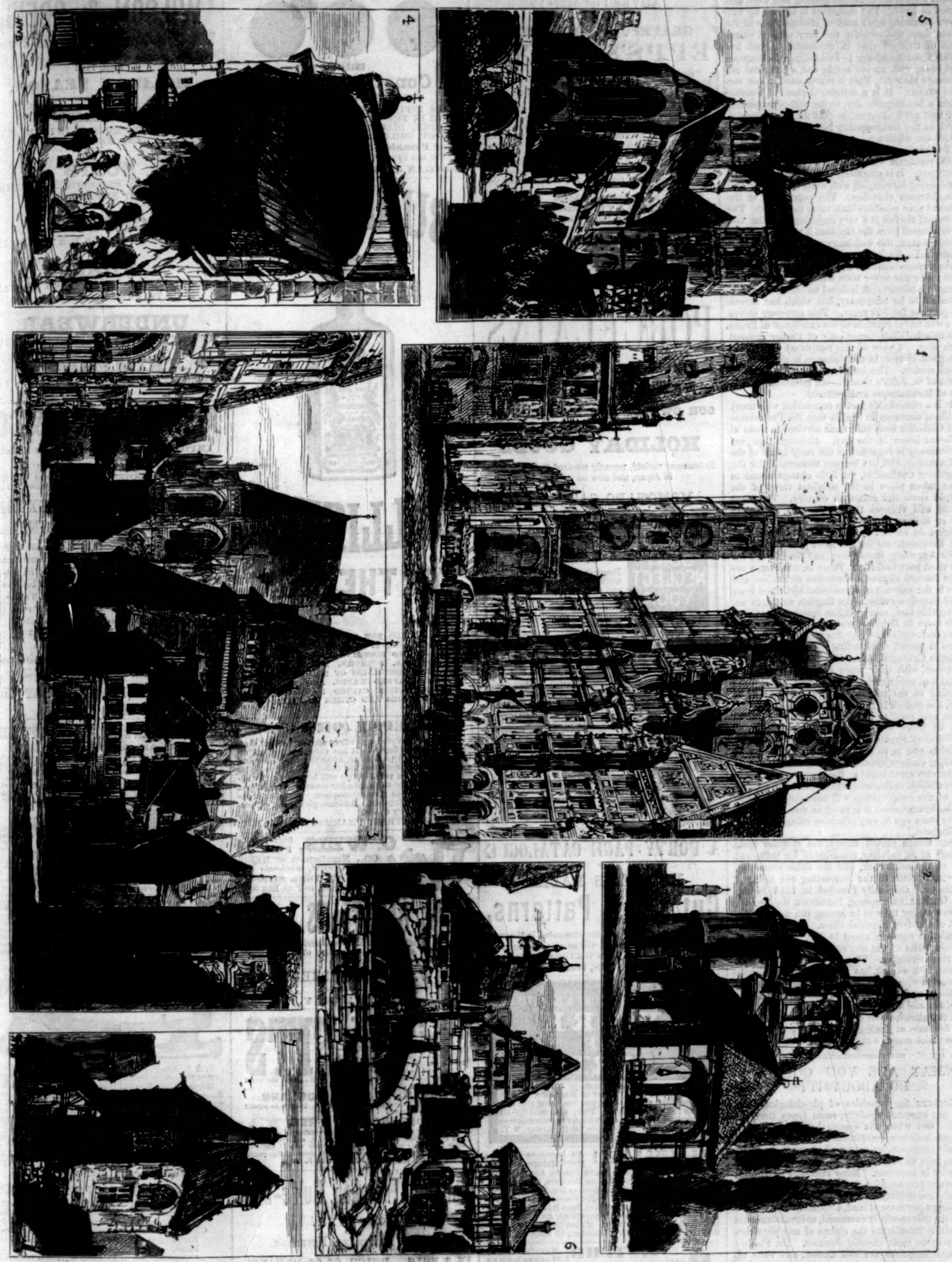
We are most paradoxical creatures. We use blotting-paper to keep from blotting paper.

"Find out your child's specialty," is the urgent advice of a phrenologist. A Boston man says: "We have tried this, and find it not so easy. Sometimes rock-candy seems to be the favorite, and then again there is a marked tendency to taffy."

A gentleman in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained. "Why, Sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roosting on our fence tree nights. So dis morning I seize him for de rent ob de fence."

THE FIELD OF SMOKE.

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE TO M. GAMBETTA. "Monsieur, you must not set such a bad example to Republics. If American Statesmen should fight duels for calling each other names—just think of it!"



SKETCHES IN SUABIA.

SUABIAN ARCHITECTURE.

No portion of Europe is richer in relics of a glorious past than that part of Germany which was once the wealthy and prosperous duchy of Suabia. Reduced now to little more than a name, and parcelled out between the two modern kingdoms of Bavaria and Würtemberg, with little political importance and no great wealth to boast of, yet in olden time it was the cradle of the great GHIBELLINE family, its chiefs exercised authority over the whole country around, and its capital was one of the great commercial centres of the world. At one time Suabia was the centre of German art as represented by the HOLBEINS, BURKMAIR, and ALTDORFER, while its architects not only filled their own land with stately and magnificent buildings, of which the cathedrals of Augsburg and Ulm alone would serve to immortalize them, but were sent for to erect the distant cathedrals of Milan and Prague, and even portions of the great monastery of Subiaco.

Among the many marvels of architectural art to be found in Suabia none are more imposing than those of Augsburg, whose history, much of which may be read in its monuments, dates back to the days of the CÆSARS. The foundation of Augsburg was the "colony" planted by the Emperor AUGUSTUS after the conquest of the Vindelici, probably on the site of the former residence of that people. It was called *Augusta Vindelicorum*, from whence comes the present name. It became the capital of the province of Rhætia, was laid waste by the Huns in the fifth century, and afterward made part of the dominion of the Frankish kings. In the war of CHARLEMAGNE with THASSILO of Bavaria it was again destroyed. After the division of CHARLEMAGNE'S empire it came under the Duke of Suabia, but becoming rich by commerce, it was able to purchase gradually many privileges, and finally became a free city of the empire. After this it rose to greater prosperity than ever, reaching the summit of its importance by the beginning of the fifteenth century. All throughout the city may be seen evidences of the great wealth of the inhabitants and the interest felt in art during these the palmy days of its existence.

The first sketch of our group, illustrative of Suabian architecture, gives a view of the principal thoroughfare of Augsburg, the Maximilian Strasse. The large building on the right is the Rathhaus, while just beyond is seen the lofty "Perlacher Thurm," over three hundred and fifty feet in height. The Maximilian Strasse, more than a mile in length, is lined on both sides with ancient houses decorated with fresco paintings embracing a great variety of subjects, ranging from portraits of emperors, electors, and bishops to pictures of imperial diets, great battles, and other matters of national pride. Augsburg was celebrated for its bronze-work during the Middle Ages, and fine examples of skill in treating this metal are to be seen in the three magnificent fountains which adorn the Maximilian Strasse, and the splendid shields and trophies which ornament the gables of the Rathhaus and other public buildings. The cathedral of Augsburg, though not a very grand specimen of architecture, contains much that is interesting, and is rich in art treasures of the earlier Suabian school. Fine paintings are to be seen over the altars by the elder HOLBEIN, ZEITBLOOM, and MARTIN SCHÖN. The nave is also worthy of attention, being in the very earliest Romanesque style, and entered by bronze doors covered with bass-reliefs which rep-

resent scenes from the Scriptures, and were executed in 1063. The cathedral is lighted by windows retaining their ancient stained glass of the same date, undoubtedly the very earliest examples of this art now in existence. About five miles from Augsburg is Friedberg, a picturesque old town, with an old castle and a beautiful pilgrimage church. This is represented in our second sketch. It is a delightful place of worship upon a hot summer day, as the arches supporting the roof are quite open, so that the part appropriated to the congregation has neither walls nor doors nor windows.

Swabisch Gmünd is a beautifully situated town in a romantic valley about twenty miles from Stuttgart. It is singularly picturesque in appearance, being surrounded with walls and towers, and has fourteen churches. The population at the present time numbers little more than 5000. The principal church is a very imposing building, and is celebrated from the fact that it was designed by PETER ARLER, the well-known architect of Milan Cathedral. Its lofty and noble interior bears a certain resemblance to the great Italian structure. The tower has never been built, and the bells are hung in a picturesque isolated building, which was intended to be temporary, but which has served its purpose for 500 years. This structure serves as a wonderful example of the excellence of PETER ARLER's building, being only of timber covered with tiles. A view of this temporary tower, with the great church in the distance, is given in our third sketch. The building on the left is the front of St. John's Church—an interesting example of Romanesque architecture.

It is a remarkable fact in connection with many of these churches in Suabia that the Protestants and Catholics both hold their services in them at different hours of the day. Although this part of Germany is regarded as the early home of the Reformation, and has become memorable for the Augsburg Confession, yet little change seems to have taken place in the religious views of the people since the sixteenth century. The same towns and villages that were then Protestant are so still, and those which upheld the ancient religion do so to this day; thus Ulm, Stuttgart, and Esslingen are for the most part Protestant, while Augsburg, Rottenburg, and Gmünd are for the most part Catholic. There is, however, a curious feature about the Catholics of Suabia, and that is the absence of ceremonial and ritual from their church services. An English writer, in noticing this fact, says: "After being present at a high mass in Belgium, and witnessing the elaborate ceremonial and very dramatic style of music there in vogue, or attending the same service in Cologne Cathedral, Aix-la-Chapelle, or, above all, Ratisbon, with their more simple and dignified ritual and noble ecclesiastical music, one is quite startled at the contrast here presented. It is true, the church is full of altars, statues, and pictures, and candles are lighted upon the altars; but all these will be found in the Protestant churches of Suabia as well. But what most astonishes one is to hear the whole congregation bawling endless hymns, in the German language, to the very same tunes as those used in the Methodist chapels in England, while sometimes a member of the congregation will read out each verse of the hymn before it is sung, as was the custom many years ago in very primitive village churches in England."

Our fourth sketch shows the singular little church at St. Salvator, remarkable for being cut out of the solid rock, and the three remaining drawings relate to the interesting old town of Esslingen. Originally founded in 1216 by the last GHIBELLINE emperor, FREDERICK the Second, it grew at one time to be among the most important of the free imperial cities. At present the population numbers about 14,000. A portion of the old walls of the city still remains, and there are three churches. That of St. Dionysius, shown in our fifth sketch, has two picturesque towers, connected with a bridge. It is a most interesting building, and has some fine stained glass in its windows and a richly carved rood-screen. In the last two sketches our readers will see the curious old fountain at Esslingen, and a very old bridge, upon which stands a ruined and desecrated chapel.

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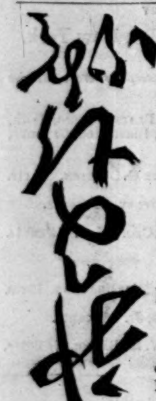

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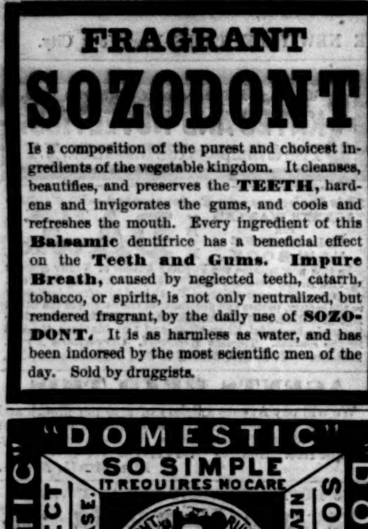

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SUMMIT OF MOUNT OLYMPUS, CYPRUS.

A CLASSIC MOUNTAIN.

In presenting our readers with a view of Mount Olympus, in the island of Cyprus, we should like to add to the interest of the scene by insisting that here was the favored dwelling-place of immortal Jove and the other deities that figure so conspicuously in classic poetry. Unfortunately, however, there is so much mystery about the precise location of the Mount Olympus of Grecian mythology and romance that it is difficult to form any opinion as to which among the several peaks rejoicing in the same high-sounding title was really regarded by the ancients as the abode of Saturn's most illustrious son. Cypriote tradition gives no clew to any great events connected with the lofty mountain that rises on her western shores; neither can we learn whether it was here or on another promontory of the same name on the northeastern side of the island that the once famous Temple of Venus Acræa once stood.

Modern travellers find little to tell us of the Mount Olympus of Cyprus, except that it is a beautiful mountain rising above a range of lofty hills clothed in magnificent forests of cedar. Many of the finest trees have been cut down, but the supply still seems unlimited. In height the mountain stands some 6590 feet above the sea-level, and is situated midway between the towns of Soli and Curium, while on its side perches the little village of Prodromus—a halting-place for parties who intend to visit the summit. Here a most beautiful view of the surrounding heights, the sea beyond, and indeed of the whole island of Cyprus, may be obtained. It was this fact that induced Mr. J. Thompson, the photographic artist to whom we are indebted for our sketches, to ascend the misty heights of Olympus. Having visited Cyprus for the purpose of obtaining views of its scenery, and of the costumes, figures, and dwellings of its inhabitants, the summit of the mountain was naturally one of his most important objective points. Of his experiences in endeavoring to reach it, and of the protest that can be made against modern art by the spirits of air that inhabit a classic mountain, we may judge from our second sketch and the following note sent us by Mr. Thompson:

"Accompanied by an Arab dragoman, Habib Kuri, and my muleteer, I rested at Prodromus for the night. It is the village nearest to the summit of Mount Olympus, built on the crest of

PHOTOGRAPHERS ON MOUNT OLYMPUS, CYPRUS.

one of the lower spurs of the range. The temperature fell perceptibly as we made the ascent during the day, and at night could not have exceeded forty degrees Fahrenheit. In the Olympian district the mountains are clothed with magnificent forests of cedar. A number of the finest trees have been quite recently cut down, but the supply is still unlimited. We made the toilsome ascent of Olympus on our mules in the morning, accompanied by the head-man of the village. The accompanying sketch pictures the apex of the classic mountain as it appeared partially wrapped in a robe of clouds and mist. Our approach to the summit was heralded by an ominous peal of thunder that made the earth tremble beneath our feet. It sounded like a terrible protest against the sacrilege of photographing for the first time the ruins of the ancient shrine. Dismounting, we clambered through stony débris to the summit. The storm increased, and was accompanied by a deluge of rain and hail, such as one can only experience in high regions. Nothing daunted, after an hour's delay, and with a friendly gleam of light, we succeeded in photographing what remains of the ancient shrine. Shelter there was none, save that represented in the sketch. My dragoman, robed in his bed sheet, which he invariably carried in his saddle-bag, tended the camera; and for the details of our position I refer the reader to the sketch. Worst of all, my umbrella, of thin calico, proved useless, my pith hat became limp and pasty, while my shoes gave way entirely as I made the descent on foot."

The other mountain ranges and mountains that bear the name of Olympus, and dispute with the Cypriote peak the honor of having been the seat of "cloud-compelling Jove," are the northwestern continuation of Taurus in Mysia, a mountain in Lycia, another in Elis, one on the borders of Laconia and Arcadia, and another on the frontiers of Thessaly and Macedonia. Of these the last-mentioned, now called Elymbo, is undoubtedly the one to which the preference is given as being most probably the Olympus of the ancient writers. The eastern side of this mountain, which fronts the sea, is composed of a line of vast precipices, cleft by ravines filled with forest trees. Oaks, chestnuts, and beeches are scattered along its base, and higher up appear great forests of pine, as in the days of the old poets of Greece and Rome. With EURIPIDES it is *poludendros Olympos*, with VIRGIL *frondosus Olympus*, and with HORACE *opacus Olympus*. Its highest peak is 9754 feet above the level of the sea, and is covered with snow for nine months of the year. According to Greek legend it was formerly connected with Ossa, but was separated from it by an earthquake, allowing a passage for the Peneius through the narrow vale of Tempe to the sea. The philosophers finally transferred the abode of the gods to the planetary spheres, to which they also transferred the name of Olympus. The majestic title had once, however, been borne by an earthly mountain, and lesser hills, envious of the distinction, stole it so often that nowadays we look in vain among many aspiring peaks to find the veritable Olympus about whose brow once hurtled the thunders of imperial Jove.

THE BRITISH IN THE KHYBER PASS.

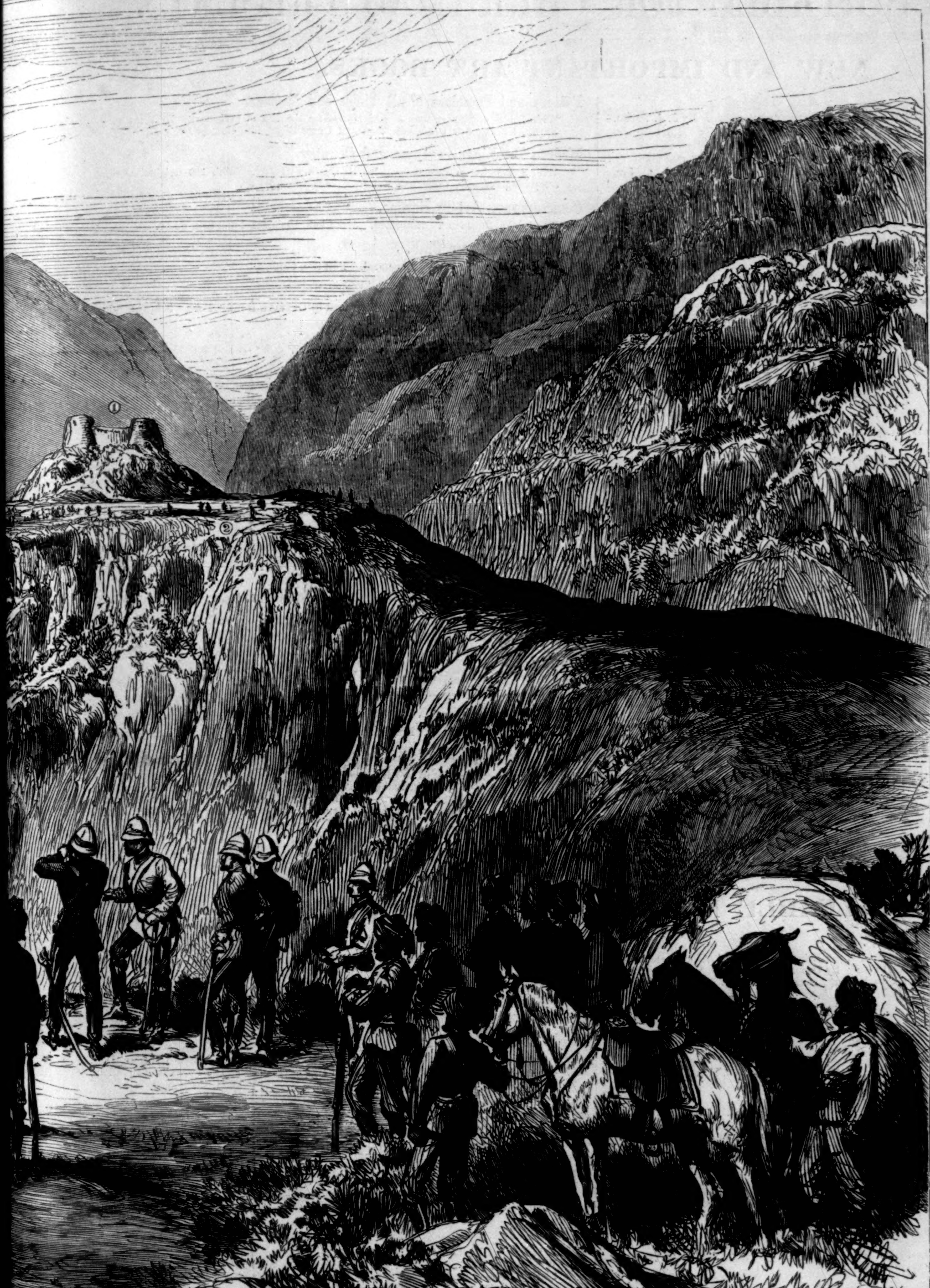
OUR double-page engraving represents the first scene of what is likely to be a long and bloody drama, with the mountains of Afghanistan for a background and Afghan and English troops for actors and victims. The *casus belli*, summed up in a few words, is the determination of England to resent the refusal of the Ameer to receive a representative of the English government at his court, while at the same time he is entertaining a Russian envoy.

1. Fort of Ali-Musjeed. 2. Pickets of Ali-Musjeed Garrison. 3. Spot where the Intervie[w] ... between ...

FORT OF ALI-MUSJEED, FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE LALA CHEENA, IN THE KHYBER PASS, CAPTU... BY TH...

The story of the remarkable course of conduct pursued by SHERE ALI toward a power with which up to this time he was supposed to be in alliance begins with the departure for Cabool of Nawab GHOLAM HUSSEIN KHAN, for many years the agent of the English government in India at the Afghan court. This official left Peshawur on the 29th of August, bearing with him two letters from the Viceroy. The first announced the approach of a British mission under General Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, an old acquaintance of the Ameer's, accredited to discuss with his Highness matters of the first importance; and the second was a letter of condolence on the death of the Ameer's son and heir-apparent, Sirdar ABDULLAH JAN. Oriental etiquette demanded that this second letter should be answered at once, no matter what hostile relations might exist between the writer and him to whom it was addressed. It soon became apparent, however, that no reply was likely to be received, and although the reports of their agent contained nothing like a curt refusal to receive the English envoy, it was evident that neither a cordial invitation to advance nor a hospitable reception was to be expected. These facts, however, could not affect the pursuance of the course laid out by the English authorities, and preparations went on accordingly.

The various members of the mission were appointed with scrupulous care, it being felt that the situation might be sufficiently difficult to demand the utmost diplomatic talent on the part of those composing it. When complete the list of names, exclusive of the personal staff of the envoy, stood as follows: Envoy, General Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, G.C.B., G.C.S.I.; second in command, Major CAVAGNARI, C.S.I.; attached, Surgeon-Major BELLEW, C.S.I.; Major ST. JOHN, Royal Engineers; Maharaj PARTAB SINGH, Bahadur of Joudpore; Nawab OBAIDULLAH KHAN, Sahibzadah of Tonk. The ... to the mission was ... shows the desire of ... ant and harmonious ... which they rule by ... affecting their own ... an nobles are in a ... men. One represe... aristocracy of India... a brother of the Ma...



ace between Major Cavagnari and tne Commandant of Ali-Musjeed. 4. The Khyber River.

D BY THE BRITISH TROOPS NOVEMBER 21.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MAJOR CAVAGNARI AND MAJOR C. W. WILSON.]

ment of native nobles d experiment; but it lish to cultivate pleas- s with the races over g them in enterprises . Both of these Indi- sense representative ld, the other the new, araj PARTAB SINGH is of Joudpore, the head of the great clan of the Rahtor Rajpoots, second only to the Sesodias of Oodeypore in consideration, and boasting a real pedigree of a thousand years, and a fanciful one of pre-Adamite antiquity. Maharaj PARTAB SINGH is an enthusiastic sportsman, and celebrated for his feats in horsemanship, such as killing a wild boar with sword or dagger, instead of the spear generally used. The ancestor of Nawab OBAIDULLAH KHAN in the fourth generation was Ameer KHAN, the Prince of Pindaris, and the terror of Central India, who, after an adventurous life of plunder and rapine, carved out for himself the principality of Tonk, in Rajpootana, and obtained his recognition as a sovereign prince from the British government less than a century ago.

By the 14th of September the members of the mission were assembled at Peshawur, and every thing was ready for an advance. Great efforts had been made by Sir NEVILLE to reduce the baggage and camp-followers to within the smallest limits consistent with the dignity of a peaceful mission advancing into a friendly country. The envoy himself set the example of simplicity in equipment, contenting himself with a single-poled tent. A double-poled tent was taken for ceremonial purposes, and European soldiers' tents for the mess and officers. As few servants as possible were taken, and all unnecessary stores dispensed with; but nevertheless the camp numbered some seven hundred followers, with about three hundred camels, and two hundred and fifty mules. The order for the start was about to be issued, when suddenly the news arrived that the garrison at Ali-Musjeed—a small fort perched on a hill which commands the Khyber Pass, the route to be taken by the mission—had received orders from Cabool to stop the advance of the English envoy into Afghan territory. To advance would have been to recklessly expose the lives of the whole party, unless they were willing to turn back at the first rebuff, in which case the dignity of the mission would have been completely sacrificed. The dilemma appeared to be an exceedingly awkward one, but it was finally decided that the best course to pursue would be to send forward Major CAVAGNARI, the second officer in command, with a small escort to ascertain the attitude of the troops occupying the pass. Accordingly Sir NEVILLE ordered Major CAVAGNARI to proceed with the camp to Jamrood, and at that point to form an escort consisting of some of the more important men of the neighborhood—several chiefs of the Khyberis, who had undertaken to conduct the English through the Khyber Pass unless forbidden to do so by the Ameer—and a detachment of their own cavalry. With these he was to go on toward Ali-Musjeed until he should be stopped either by a sufficient show of force or by the assurance on the part of the Ameer's officials that force would be employed to prevent the passage of the mission. In the mean time Sir NEVILLE waited at Peshawur to learn the issue of events.

At half past nine on the morning of Saturday the 21st, Major CAVAGNARI set out from Jamrood on the perilous errand of drawing fire. After proceeding some four miles along the defile, the little party came in sight of Ali-Musjeed, which stands on a height some six hundred feet above the bed of a small stream winding along the bottom of the pass, and called, by courtesy apparently, the Khyber River. On arriving at the heights above the village of Lala Cheena, however, it was found that the pickets from Ali-Musjeed had been placed on the ridge in front, which commanded not only the descent to the village, but also the remainder of the road to the fort, which from this point lies through the bed of the river. As soon as it was ascertained that this guard had been directed to oppose the advance of the English, messages were sent to the officer in command of the garrison, desiring that he should consent to an interview with Major CAVAGNARI, or else permit the latter to proceed unmolested to Ali-Musjeed.

After considerable delay a reply was brought to the effect that FAIZ MOHAMMED KHAN was about to come to Lala Cheena, where he would hold an interview with the English officer. Major CAVAGNARI, accompanied by Captain JENKINS and a number of the native chiefs, then descended into the bed of the river, leaving Captain BATTYE with the escort on the heights above to cover the retirement in case matters should not turn out peaceably. After about half an hour's parley FAIZ MOHAMMED KHAN gave Major CAVAGNARI distinctly to understand that if the British mission advanced it would be opposed by force of arms. Although the responsibility that would rest with the Ameer if a peaceful mission was rejected in this manner was pointed out to the commandant, he decisively declared that he had no other alternative. The interview ended with many Oriental expressions of friendship, and the English officers rejoined their men and returned to camp. The result of the meeting between his officer and the commandant of the fort was communicated to Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN during the day, and on the same evening he gave orders for the return of the whole party to Peshawur.

Thus ended the last hope of an amicable adjustment of the differences existing between the Ameer of Afghanistan and the British government. Since then war has been declared and a battle fought in the Khyber Pass, resulting in the capture of the fortress of Ali-Musjeed, and also the village of Lala Cheena. The force that attacked Ali-Musjeed numbered 16,000 men, and after a short struggle the garrison fled precipitately, leaving arms and ammunition behind them.